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AN



HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS  
DUKE OF CLARENCE AND  
AVONDALE.

*BORN JAN. 8th, 1864.—DIED JAN. 14th, 1892.*

A MEMOIR

*[Written by Authority]*

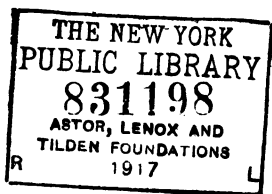
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## PREFACE. .

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THIS brief memoir of His Royal Highness the late Duke of Clarence and Avondale was not undertaken without the express authority of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales ; and I desire, in the first place, to express my respectful gratitude to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales for the honour done to me in entrusting so important a task to my hands. To Sir Francis Knollys, also, I owe a debt of personal gratitude for the kindness with which he met me at the outset, for the ready manner in which he referred me to the most fruitful sources of information, for reading the

memoir in manuscript, and for indicating to me sundry points requiring correction or amendment. Other informants to whom I am greatly indebted are Canon Dalton, who watched over the training of Prince Albert Victor for many years ; Mr. H. F. Wilson, who had the honour of Prince Albert Victor's acquaintance at Cambridge ; Captain Holford, who was in constant attendance upon the Prince for some years ; Captain the Hon. A. Greville ; Mrs. Blackburn, formerly the Prince's nurse ; and an officer of the 10th Hussars, whose name is unknown to me, who will remember, if these lines ever meet his eye, a chance acquaintance and an interesting conversation upon the passage from Kingstown to Dublin in March 1892. Sir Edward Bradford and many others have been kind enough to help me in various ways.

The mere work of writing has been a



delightful labour. It has been no part of my purpose to satisfy curiosity by intruding into private matters, or to indite a Court Chronicle. I have sought rather to indicate the principles upon which a wise Prince trained his eldest son for a position of the highest responsibility and eminence ; and in so seeking to do my duty I have found myself filled with growing admiration and respect for both father and son.

EDMUND VINCENT.

CHELSEA, *June* 1893.



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# MEMOIR.

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## CHAPTER I.

### *INTRODUCTORY.*

THE winter of 1891—1892 will be remembered for ever as one of the most calamitous seasons through which Great Britain has ever passed. At the outset alternations of bitter cold and close heat followed one another in dangerous succession, and in December a dense pall of fog covered London and much of the outlying country. All things in nature contributed towards the spread of disease. There was neither rain to cleanse the earth beneath, nor wind to move the stagnant air above the surface of

the earth. Epidemic disease became rampant in all directions, insomuch that not one man but many remembered with painful accuracy those vivid words of Mr. John Bright : " The angel of death is hovering over the land. Hush ! I can almost hear the beating of his wings." The words were, indeed, almost more appropriate than they had been when they were uttered first, for the angel was in very truth hovering over the land, and " stooping " to his victims every day and every hour, pitiless, unsparing, indiscriminating. We who have survived that time of terror and of sadness, who have learned since, if we had not learned before, the lesson that life is an inextricable medley of sorrows and of joys : a mystery which is not given to us to solve, must believe that all things have happened for the best, that the purpose and the design which directed the Angel's flight, albeit inscrutable to us, was wise and merciful.



It is not for us to attempt to penetrate the mystery of these designs, of which we see but an infinitesimal part, or even to wish that those who have been taken away from our midst were amongst us still. But if vain wishes and empty regrets are forbidden to us, it is not forbidden to cherish tender memories of those who are passed away, to dwell on the incidents of the time when they were with us, and to keep fresh in our mind's eye their character and features. In the cherishing of such tender memories is to be found the sorrow which is better than laughter, for "the heart of the wise is in the house of mourning."

Not only the United Kingdom, but the more remote regions and districts of the British Empire, all the civilised world in fact, combined to form a house of mourning on that bitter 14th of January, 1892.

Never was the truth of the saying that ill news flies apace more completely demon-

strated than on that fatal day. From Marlborough House and from Sandringham the tidings spread with amazing rapidity among the watching crowds that the eldest son of their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales had been cut off in the flower of his youth, and upon the very eve of his marriage. All England, all Britain, all the world, had been watching by his bedside in the spirit, sick with anxiety, despairing somewhat by reason of the ominous character of the reports which came day by day and hour by hour, yet hoping against hope. On that fatal morning the last spark of hope was quenched. No man or woman, no little child of awakening sense, can forget, or would desire to efface from memory, the shock which ran through the country on that day. The children, indeed, will be the last to forget, and their memories will be the most vivid. This I know by my own experience. I was but a

little child in a nursery, in the town in which the first titular Prince of Wales was born, when the news came that the Prince Consort had gone to his rest ; yet the memory of the national sorrow, the half-defined conception of a terrible calamity, is with me still. It was not until the 14th of January in 1892 that those of us who, having been children at the time of that irretrievable loss to the Queen and to the nation, had survived the intervening years, were able to realise the full meaning of a national calamity such as that which, in years gone by, had caused our childish tears to flow in half-appreciative sympathy with the true sorrow of our parents.

On that 14th of January we understood their tears of the past as we shed our tears over a new loss. The blow had fallen ; the hope which had lingered must perforce give place to sympathy and to sorrow, which, if they were of but little help or comfort for

the moment to those whose loss was most bitter and immediate, cannot have failed to bring even to them some consolation afterwards, cannot have failed to exercise that marvellous softening influence which sympathy and sorrow alone can produce. In these days of conflicting opinion and cynical partisanship, it is not often that the public heart is stirred by any deep, genuine, unanimous emotion, but here the outward signs of mourning, unprecedented as they were, were but a feeble indication of the depth and reality of sorrow felt by all classes of the community. Never, as long as his faculties remain to him, will any person then living forget the anxiety which preceded the death of the Duke of Clarence and Avondale; never will he forget the look of sadness which every face in the streets of London wore on that awful morning. Men, for the most part, left their homes in ignorance of the event, anxious to hear the latest

news from the bedside at Sandringham. They had hardly passed into the public streets before the tidings met their eyes and ears at every turn. They read, "Death of the Duke of Clarence and Avondale, and of Cardinal Manning;" and they knew for certain that the worst had come, that Death had gathered into his garner two sheaves of corn, of which the one had not seemed to their eyes ripe for the sickle, albeit the other had reached and passed its full maturity.

That men's sympathy was ready was abundantly evident. For the moment, perhaps, their sense of personal loss was less keen than their feeling for the stricken parents at Sandringham; for the Queen, who had seen one crowning sorrow added to the burden which she had been called upon to bear in the course of a long life; for the maiden Princess, who had lost her betrothed lover. For the moment all distinctions of rank were forgotten, and only the overwhelming

fact remained that a father and mother, known to be keenly susceptible to all the joys and the sorrows which belong to fatherhood and motherhood, had lost their first-born son; that a loving grandmother had been bereaved of the object of her highest hopes; that the first gap had been made in a family of brothers and sisters united by more than the ordinary bonds of family affection. With tenfold intensity did these feelings come to that ever widening circle of intimates, who were the real friends and not the mere acquaintances of a Prince concerning whom it may be said with truth that he never lost or forgot a friend. After these personal feelings came the thought that Great Britain had lost him whom, in the natural course, and at some distant date, she had hoped to welcome as her King. To the greatness of that loss the pages which follow will, it is hoped, bear humble but effectual testimony.

It is indeed only just that those who would have been the loyal subjects of the Duke of Clarence and Avondale, if he had lived to be King of Great Britain and Ireland, should learn from the simple story of his life the depth and the breadth and the extent of their loss. That simple story it is the privilege of the present writer to place on record ; and his appreciation of the honour paid to him, and of the greatness of the trust reposed in him, is beyond his powers of expression. His work has been undertaken with the approval of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, who has endured the pain which comes of the fresh bleeding of unhealed wounds in order that the record might be as complete and as accurate as possible. Nor is the reason for this memoir's existence far to seek. All too short as was the life of the Duke of Clarence and Avondale on earth, its duration was sufficient to show us the anxious and unselfish care with which he was trained

for the exalted position which he seemed destined to occupy. His singularly lovable disposition and character were, in part, no doubt, inherited from his parents and their ancestors; but they were also, in no small measure, the result of his early training. It becomes, therefore, a matter of no small satisfaction to reflect that the sailor-prince who has succeeded to the position of the Duke of Clarence and Avondale, who is the personage assured of succeeding to the throne if length of days be his portion, is not only entitled to a share of the same qualities by inheritance, but also passed the days of his childhood and his boyhood under precisely similar conditions. Hence comes it that an accurate character sketch of the late Duke of Clarence, a sketch founded upon the candid observations of those who knew him best, a sketch free from all attempts to exaggerate virtues or to extenuate defects, is a thing which, if it can be drawn,



will be worth having, if we remember that, after allowing for natural variety and for certain differences in later training, we may expect to find in the Duke of York many of the virtues which we find in the Duke of Clarence.

Before speaking of those salient traits in the character of the Duke of Clarence which were most remarkable, it will be right to deal, without entering into details, in a preliminary fashion with the training which had its part in the formation of that character. Simple faithfulness and affectionate disposition will be found to be among the departed Prince's leading characteristics. Such faithfulness and affection are in great part, no doubt, inborn in the men in whom they are found. But they are, in a far larger measure, the result of a proper conception and practice of parental duty, both of which are impossible unless the parents of a child are not only wise but also affectionate, unless

they attend in person to the development of the child's nature.

This is precisely what has been done by the Prince and Princess of Wales towards each and all of their children ; and the result has been that each and all of the children have been not merely in name but in truth members of a family in which exceptional warmth of affection prevailed habitually. Nevertheless, it is not too much to say that from the time when the two boy Princes reached the age at which, if they had been the sons of noblemen, they would have been ready to enter Eton, or Winchester, or Harrow, the keynote of their education, the principle which lay beneath it, was that of parental self-sacrifice. Hardly any English boy is educated without some parental self-sacrifice. No parent, at any rate no mother, is reconciled at once to the idea that the boys of the family must, before they become men, pass away from the tender care of

home to the rough world of school. Few parents, however, fail to force themselves, in the interests of their sons, to bear the pain of parting.

But the public school-boy, developing slowly into the full-grown English gentleman, spends at least some months in every year at his home; and his mother, be she peeress or untitled gentlewoman, has comfort in the thought that, if there is cause for her presence at any time, the news will be communicated to her at once, and she can take her natural place beside him in a few hours. A public school, however, was out of the question for the young princes, for various reasons, some of them obvious, which need not be discussed at this point, and the Prince and Princess of Wales felt it to be their duty, not only to their sons but to the nation, to make a far greater sacrifice of their natural feelings than that which is made by the parent of a public school-boy.

Their sons' course of training on board H.M.S. *Britannia*—the nearest approach to a public school within their reach—was over; they had every reason to fear that the elder of the two was, if not constitutionally delicate, frail from recent illness; it was but natural that the mother and father should shrink, and they did shrink at heart, from the idea of parting with their sons for many years. But the sense of duty prevailed over natural feeling, and the two Princes were sent out for three years, to be broken only by a fleeting visit to England, upon H.M.S. *Bacchante*. True it is that all care was taken for their safety, and that their associates, though not actually selected by the Prince of Wales, were approved by him; but for all that it must often have brought anxious thoughts into the minds of the father and mother to hear the north-east wind sweep up from the German Ocean and roar in the trees around Sandringham, and

to remember that their sons were somewhere on the sea, and that if anything were to happen to either of them the news might be many days or weeks in coming, or might, as has happened over and over again in the case of voyagers, be left to be divined from months and years of absolute silence. They had to bear, too, the anxiety which came from the knowledge that their sons were often ashore in wild and half-civilised countries. But they bore all this and more, without murmuring, for the sake of their sons, and for the sake of the country which those sons were to serve by ruling.

The Prince and Princess of Wales had their reward. Since it was impossible for the Princes to enjoy the advantages of a public school, it were profitless to compare life at a public school with life on board one of Her Majesty's ships, and it remains to say that the training which the two Princes obtained on board the *Bacchante* was such

as to be valuable to any boys, and priceless to those destined for the highest place in England. On the *Bacchante* official rank was greater than social position ; the boy Princes learned, readily enough, to associate with their messmates upon terms of equality in a manner which could never have been possible at home or on land. On one of Her Majesty's ships discipline is supreme ; it is probably correct to say that nowhere, save on such a ship, could the boy Princes have learned that unquestioning and implicit obedience to lawful commands which is the first, the most necessary and most difficult lesson to be learned by those who will some day be called upon to rule. That both Princes should have passed through this valuable experience is England's joy ; that one of them should have been cut off in the flower of his early manhood is England's sorrow.

But this was not all. One of these boy

Princes was to be some day the sovereign of a vast empire having ramifications in every quarter of the globe. It was essential that they should not only read and study as other Englishmen of education do—and over this part of their training Mr. Dalton, now Canon of Windsor, watched with anxious care and devotion—but also that they should see men and cities, and should thereby be placed in a position to understand the diversified characteristics of that congeries of races whose destinies are shaped from the seat of government in England. Herein lay the principal advantage of the prolonged travels on the *Bacchante*, from which the Princes returned equipped with a knowledge of the world such as few grown men possess, full of pleasant memories, which were reasonably sure to become useful memories also, improved in health and constitution, instinct with the spirit of discipline, and inured to a certain amount of danger.

After this the paths of the Princes diverged somewhat. The younger brother, so long as Prince Albert Victor Christian Edward lived, adhered closely and industriously to his profession as a sailor ; and it may be said without presumption, and without fear of question, that he was and is exceptionally popular, not merely as a prince, but as a man, amongst officers and men. His open and manly disposition, his merry humour, and his quick intelligence are indeed familiarly known to the country which claims to know something of its royal personages, basing its claim upon true and obvious affection. Over so much as remained of the life of the elder of the two Princes it is not proposed to linger long in this introductory chapter. The essential things which conduced to the making of his character were the home-life at Sandringham, the life in the woods and on the stubbles and on horseback, the period of tutelage at Sandringham when he was being



prepared for Cambridge, the life at Cambridge, the tour in India, the life as a cavalry officer, and the brief period of laborious ceremony which he passed as an illustrious personage in an age when princes of the blood work at least as hard as common labourers.

As a horseman of a high order, as a shot of real brilliancy, having regard to his age, the Prince possessed two manly accomplishments, calculated to endear him to a very large section of the British nation, and Sandringham was an excellent place in which to learn the one and the other. India helped to develop his skill and gave him a wider field for its practice. Is it permissible to say that we Englishmen, Scotchmen, Irishmen, and Welshmen, to say nothing of our brethren in the colonies, like our Princes to be "hard Englishmen," active of body, skilled in the chase, masters of horse and gun, and that to many of us the knowledge

that the Prince possessed the manly instincts and tastes of an English gentleman was perhaps unreasonably pleasant? Of family life at Sandringham I need not say a word here ; of the relations of the young Prince with his humbler neighbours the conversation of those neighbours on the occasion of his death afforded eloquent testimony. They deplored the untimely end of the "poor boy"—for so, forgetting rank in overflowing sympathy, they spoke—in much the same tone as that wherewith the inhabitants of a country district deplore the death of the genial and kindly son of a genial and kindly Squire. Indeed, they had many memories of little acts of graceful kindness, of friendly greetings, of casual encounters ; and it may well be that this country life at Sandringham, pre-eminently English as it was, was not without influence in the formation of the Prince's character.

At Sandringham, in the days before it

became necessary to enter upon his student's life at Cambridge, the young Prince came also under the strong influence of Mr. J. K. Stephen. Mr. Stephen, the son of that accomplished and learned judge who resigned his position on the Bench not long ago, was, by the testimony of all his intimates, a man of rare personal charm and great intellectual power. An Etonian and a Cambridge man to the backbone, he was calculated to inspire the young Prince with all that was best and most wholesome in the tone of public school and University life. Enthusiastic, full of energy, a keen lover of life, brilliant of mind, elegant and refined in literary taste, he was, in brief, a scholar and a gentleman *ad unguem*, but by no means a "fine gentleman." Mr. Stephen, who charmed every man he met, was chosen as the associate of the young Prince at a time when the Prince's character was soft and malleable. The friendship between him

and Prince Albert Victor was real and permanent, and the influence he exercised upon him was all for good. Of them it may almost be said that in death they were not divided. Military and royal duties in after-days took the young Prince away from the influence of the young tutor, but the memory of those Sandringham days was never forgotten, and found touching expression in the letters of simple sorrow which Mr. Stephen wrote when the Duke of Clarence and Avondale preceded him on his way to the grave.

Then came the days at Cambridge, days which were spent, as we shall see later, in two circles of society, the one essentially aristocratic, the other essentially scholarly and cultivated. There the Prince made many friends and lost none. There, living in a fashion as simple and unpretentious as was possible for one in such high estate, the Prince did not neglect his studies, and joined heartily in those wholesome athletic

exercises which are part of an English gentleman's education. India gave him more experience of men and cities ; the army found in him an emphatically good officer. Of his life in public as a royal personage more particular mention will be made at a later point.

So the inborn character—moral, physical, and intellectual—of the Duke of Clarence and Avondale was moulded and strengthened for the ordeal of life. Let us endeavour to sketch that character from the three sides with as firm a hand as may be.

The basis of the moral character is religion, and to describe a man's religious views is one of the most delicate and difficult tasks which fall to the lot of a biographer. Of the formalities of religion, of the rival doctrines and views which divide sects and embitter controversies, the Prince may be said to have had no knowledge whatever. The most religious man is he who holds

throughout his life, be it short or long, to the simple faith which he learns at his mother's knee, be she princess or cottager, and acts upon that faith, and upon the instinctive and unquestioning knowledge of right and wrong which it gives to him. Such, it seems to me, was the faith of the Duke of Clarence; and its results were a quiet and unostentatious piety, an implicit trust in the goodness of God, and an uprightness of life and thought which were rare treasures to him who possessed them, which would, in course of time, have been rare treasures to the nation. The poet's advice, hackneyed as it is, may well be quoted as that which might, with the substitution of a single word, have been addressed to the son of the Prince of Wales :—

“Be good, sweet youth, and let who will be clever;  
Do lovely things, not dream them, all day long.”

In him there was no scepticism, no theo-

logical instinct, but a simple desire to seek the right and ensue it. In his early childhood the Prince who is the subject of this memoir showed an essential trait of character which never deserted him in after-life. It is said of him that he was never known to bear a grudge, or to sulk, as children will—there is no other word for it—when reproof or childish punishment had been administered. This instinctive habit of forgiveness, this instinctive desire to be forgiven, had their origin in the affectionate disposition which was the most beautiful point in the Prince's character. Nor was his affection for this person or that the consequence of a mere rush of undisciplined emotion. It was tenacious in the extreme. He never forgot the attendants of his boyhood, either the humble ones he met in the nursery, or the tutor who devoted the best years of his life to him and to his brother, or his friends at Sandringham, or his friends at Cambridge.

In the midst, not indeed of the cares of State, but of the labours of State ceremonials which came to him in later years, we shall find him in constant and familiar correspondence with the undergraduate friends whom he made at Cambridge. Yet he had a quiet dignity of manner, so clear, and yet so unaffected, that no man ever dreamed of taking a liberty with him.

A man's physique has much to do with the formation of his character, and concerning the Duke of Clarence's physique a good deal of misconception has arisen. Save for the fact that he had, as some of his letters show, a great aversion to cold, and that he was not always roused to active exertion without difficulty, there is no evidence that his vitality was not equal to that of other men. For the rest, his apparently slight frame was, say those who knew him best, of exceptional muscular strength; and this is a matter of some little importance. The joy



of horsemanship can come only to those who are strong and skilful riders ; the delights of athletic exercise are for those whose limbs and lungs can endure such exercise without fatigue, and therefore with profit ; the pleasures of the shooting field are for those who have strength of body as well as aptitude of hand and eye. All these the Duke of Clarence and Avondale possessed ; and the practice of manly arts helped in the development of his manhood.

The intellectual side of the Prince's character is an interesting subject of study. It would be absurd to claim for him anything in the nature of genius ; the most unremitting study would not have enabled him to become senior wrangler at Cambridge, or to carry off the Hertford or the Ireland scholarship at Oxford. But of the knowledge which befits a Prince he had no mean share. If he was not a finished scholar in the matter of the dead languages, he at any rate possessed

what few Englishmen believed to be educated can claim—a familiar acquaintance with the living languages of Europe. It is doubtful whether he could have written a copy of Latin verses, or whether he could have turned twenty lines of Shakespeare into tolerable iambics ; but, on the other hand, he was brought into constant contact with the great men of this world, rulers and statesmen ; and there is no doubt that the habit of living among the men upon whom we depend for the conduct of affairs of State had the effect of giving to him a firm grasp of the principles of politics. For historical study he had a strong taste, for genealogies a wonderful memory. He had, too, the rare gift of never forgetting those whom he had once met, and of remembering the right subjects upon which to converse with them. In truth, a great country does not look for intellectual genius in its ruler. Wise men remember that a king of rare accomplish-

ments, and possessed even of mechanical genius, brought the monarchy of France to ruin. Bolingbroke, writing in exile, gave us, perhaps, the best portrait of the ideal king, and in the painting of that portrait he made little account of intellectual genius. He spoke of the Patriot King who should walk *per tutum planumque iter religionis, justitiæ, honestatis, virtutumque moralium*, "along the safe and level road of religion, justice, honour, and the moral virtues." "There is," he wrote also, "a certain *species liberalis*, more easily understood than explained, and felt than defined, that must be acquired and rendered habitual to him. A certain propriety of words and actions, that results from their conformity to nature and character, must always accompany him and create an air and manner that run uniformly through the whole tenor of his conduct and behaviour; which air and manner are so far from any kind or degree of affectation that

they cannot be attained except by him who is void of all affectation." To this high ideal the Duke of Clarence almost attained ; to attain it altogether is beyond the compass of humanity.



SANDRINGHAM.

## CHAPTER II.

### *INFANCY.*

DAYS to be remembered with joy and thankfulness, days to be commemorated in silent sorrow, are naturally many when we look back upon the life and reign of Her Majesty. The Queen's subjects are never likely to forget the 24th of May, 1819, when

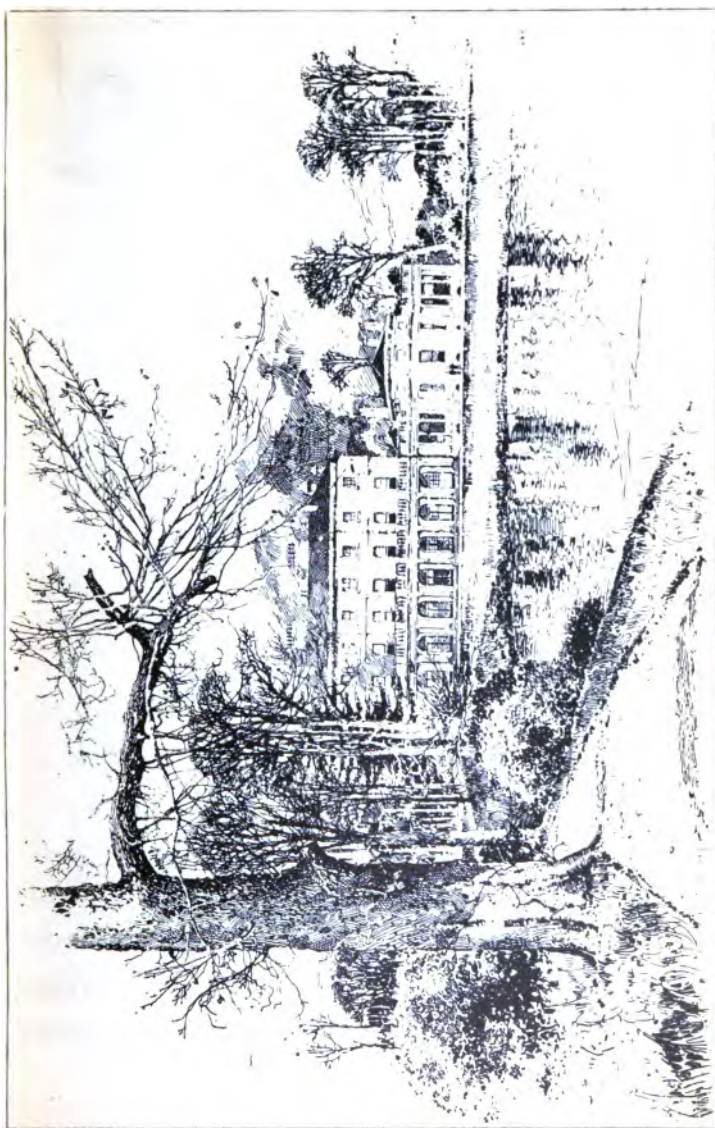
an infant daughter, heiress presumptive to the throne of this kingdom, was given to the Duke of Kent by his wife, Princess Louisa Victoria of Saxe-Coburg. The accession of the Queen, the day of her happy marriage, the birth of the Prince of Wales, the national sorrow at the death of the Prince Consort, the passing away of the beloved Princess Alice and of the Duke of Albany, the glorious pageant of the Jubilee—all these are points in Her Majesty's life to which the mind and the heart of every man and woman in England recur often. Two pleasant anniversaries remain to be recorded. The first of them is the 10th of March, 1863, when the Prince of Wales, heir apparent to the throne, was united in marriage to the Princess Alexandra of Denmark, who has enjoyed from that day to this the admiration, the love, and the undying respect of the people of these islands. The next day of rejoicing was to come soon, for on the 8th of January, 1864,

at Frogmore, the Princess of Wales was safely delivered of an infant son. It is with the brief life of the infant who saw the light upon that frosty winter's day—the Princess had been on the ice at Virginia Water a few hours before—that these pages are concerned.

Let us glance for a moment at his parentage, remembering always that, although the development of human nature and human character is determined in many ways beyond our comprehension, and although the principle of heredity is burdened with exaggerated responsibility, there is still much virtue in a good pedigree for man or beast. The lineage of the helpless child at Frogmore could be traced in a direct line through his father to the Conqueror; and it is no uninteresting matter to trace, on the family tree of the Sovereigns of England, the strains of royal blood which the father inherited. The son of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha can claim to be descended

on the paternal side from one of the purest of the ruling families of Europe. On the maternal side he can claim an equal admixture of the royal blood of the Hanoverian Kings of England, and of the blood of Mecklenburg-Strelitz and Brandenburg Anspach. But the Elector of Hanover, the father of George I., was the husband of Sophia, who was the daughter of Frederick, Elector Palatine, and of Elizabeth, daughter of James I. ; hence it may be said that the accession of George I. ought to have put a final end to the aspirations of those persons, of whom a ridiculous remnant survives, who called themselves Jacobites. Through the marriage of James I. with Anne of Denmark, the Royal Family of England were, before the present Prince of Wales was married, connected with the Royal Family of Denmark ; and it is to be noted that the accession of James I. to the British throne had the effect of making a constitutional separation between England and Scotland





FROGMORE.

[To face p. 34.]

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for ever impossible. Margaret, great-grand-mother of James VI. of Scotland and I. of England, was the daughter of Edward IV. and Elizabeth Wydevile. From Edward IV. the line of ascent may be followed with ease to the Conqueror, whose blood was blended, as if descended, with that of the royal and ducal families of Flanders, Scotland, Anjou, Aquitaine, Angoulême, Provence, Castile, France, and Hainault. These words are not unnecessary, since it is well, from time to time, to lay emphasis on the stainless pedigree of our Royal Family.

On the maternal side the infant lying at Frogmore could claim to be born of a gentlewoman in name and deed, of exquisite beauty of face, form, and character, and of irreproachable descent. Through his gracious mother also, in later days, the young Prince could claim alliance with the ruling families of Russia, of Sweden, and of Greece, as through his father he could claim

alliance with the Emperor of Germany. It is indeed strange to reflect that Great Britain could not go to war with Russia without attacking the brother-in-law of the Princess of Wales, with Greece without attacking her brother, with Germany without attacking the Queen's grandson and the nephew of the Prince of Wales ; and the reflection is comforting, because no war under modern conditions could be worth its cost in blood and treasure ; and because, although the ambition of ministers is for the most part the real cause of wars, the friendship and the relationship of princes is a real obstacle to the making of war. If it be true that no sovereign can declare war effectually without the support of his or her subjects, it is none the less true that no subjects can do so without the consent of their sovereigns, and that every genuine relationship of sovereigns tends to diminish the possibilities of conflicts between nations.

The birth of the infant Prince was a red-letter day in the calendar of the nation, and of the national joy which accompanied and greeted the event there was abundant evidence. Probably none of those who were the spokesmen of the public, in high places or in low, expressed their feelings more eloquently or with greater sincerity than the predecessor of the late Lord Derby; for “the Rupert of debate” was the most loyal and the most tender-hearted of men. The great advocate of the abolition of the Slave Trade, the supporter of the Irish Church, the leader of Protectionist Conservatives, certainly rose to the occasion, saying :—

“Although, happily for this country, monarchical institutions are so firmly established in the hearts and affections of the people, and their attachment to them has been so strengthened by the private virtues and personal qualities of the illustrious lady who occupies the throne, that it is not with

us, as it might be with other countries, a subject of additional congratulation that we thereby obtain greater stability for the throne or greater security for the dynasty, yet we may be permitted to rejoice at the prospect we have before us of a direct line of succession from the present illustrious wearer of the crown and her immediate descendants—from a Sovereign who has done much to cast a lustre upon the crown, and also to strengthen the hold which monarchical institutions have upon this nation. It appears to me that, as we advance in life, we look with a warmer and a kindlier sympathy upon the opening prospects of those who are entering upon that career towards the close of which so many of us are hurrying. But I am sure there is not one of your lordships who does not view with the deepest interest the happy career before the youthful pair upon the birth of whose heir we are now congratulating the

Sovereign. I am sure there is not one of your lordships who does not offer up a fervent prayer to the Throne of Grace that that bright prospect may remain unclouded, and that long after the youngest of your lordships has passed away from this scene the throne of these realms may be occupied by the descendants of the illustrious Prince and of his new-born heir. *Et nati natorum et qui nascentur ab illis."*

The child himself was not, by the testimony of the nurse (who with Mrs. Clark had the principal charge of him), either weakly or delicate; nor was there anything remarkable about his babyhood, save that, when the time came for him to change his diet, he showed the strongest possible aversion to animal food. His general health, indeed, gave no cause for anxiety, and the consequence was that there was full time to make due preparations for his first public appearance. For such time

there was need, since the christening of a Prince of the blood royal, who was the eldest son of the Prince of Wales, was a proper occasion for a ceremonial of State, and such ceremonials cannot be arranged in a moment. It was not until the 10th of March that the child was christened in Her Majesty's private chapel in Buckingham Palace.

The chapel in its usual state is not an attractive building, but, as was made manifest upon the occasion of the marriage of Her Royal Highness Princess Louise of Wales to the Duke of Fife, it can be transformed by decorations into a scene of surpassing beauty, and it is of convenient size for the transaction of a State ceremonial of a select and esoteric character.

Contemporary accounts show that on the occasion of the christening of the son of the Prince and Princess of Wales the scene was one of no ordinary splen-



dour. Above the communion-table was a magnificent tapestry representing the first baptism of which we have definite record—the baptism of our Saviour by John the Baptist in the waters of the Jordan. The seats inside the rails were of crimson and gold lace; the same rich colour and light shone from the pulpit; there was great store of gold plate; the font, having round its edge a design of water-lilies, was of silver gilt. Nor was there any lack of that colouring which official uniforms add to scenes of the kind. Of one personage, however, the dress was sombre. The great grief of Her Majesty's life was but little more than three years old, and, although she had from the outset taken the greatest possible interest in the child and in the circumstances of his birth, her black dress bore testimony to her recent sorrow. Over the details of the actual ceremony it is unnecessary to linger. The child was brought in

by Mrs. Clark, the head-nurse, in the christening robe of Honiton lace which his father had worn before him. From her custody he passed for a time into that of the Duchess of Macclesfield, who at the proper moment handed him to the Queen. The sponsors were themselves distinguished, but when the Archbishop of Canterbury asked the necessary question it was the Queen who pronounced the words, "ALBERT VICTOR CHRISTIAN EDWARD."

The child was thus christened by names commemorating, first, his illustrious paternal grandfather, then his grandmother, then his maternal grandfather, and then his father and the long line of English kings whose name the Prince of Wales bears.

Apart from the ceremony itself, interesting as it was, there is a certain mournful pleasure in recording the names of those who were present in addition to the chief officials of State and the representatives of foreign

powers. The notable statesman present was Lord Palmerston, whose name is still fresh and green in our memories. Upon the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Longley, fell the principal part of officiating. The other three ecclesiastics present were leading men in their generation. One was Dr. Tait, then Bishop of London, destined to become later on one of the strongest, wisest, and most distinguished of the illustrious men who have held the Archbishopric of Canterbury. Another was Dr. Wilberforce, then Bishop of Oxford, afterwards Bishop of Winchester, strong, intensely human, majestic in manner, a man who once seen was never forgotten. Another was Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, Dean of Westminster, the most accomplished churchman of the century. All these have passed away ; indeed, of those who were present, the Queen, the Prince and Princess of Wales, Princess Christian, the King of the Belgians, and a few officials of State are

almost the only survivors. The very child whom they were gathered together to honour has gone to his rest.

So we reach the period at which the infant Prince, apparently destined at some distant day to ascend the throne of England, became possessed of an honourable name, and a member of the Church. Of the days which followed, even of the years which followed, there is little to be told. Perhaps it may not be altogether uninteresting to note that, even in childhood, the young Prince was a considerable, if an unconsulted, traveller. While still a baby in arms he was conveyed, with his father and mother, in one of the royal yachts to Denmark, in order that he might be shown to his grandparents; and his nurse "Mary," now Mrs. Blackburn, has pleasure in recalling the fact that on his homeward voyage, while she was shielding her charge and saving him, so far as she could, from the tossing of the



THE PRINCESS OF WALES WITH THE PRINCES ALBERT VICTOR AND  
GEORGE ON THEIR PONY. [To face p. 44.]

(From a Photograph by Messrs. Downey.)

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August 1880, and was promoted by seniority July 1st, 1881. During the West Indian cruise Lieutenant G. A. E. Gore was lieutenant of marines until he was promoted by seniority. By special permission of the Admiralty, the Rev. J. N. Dalton held his position of acting chaplain ; and his duties on board the vessel were those of a chaplain combined with those of a watchful but by no means interfering guardian over the boy Princes. When the Princes went ashore from time to time the duties of their governor became more arduous. The navigating instructor was Mr. J. W. Lawless ; Mr. W. H. Lloyd, M.D., was originally borne as fleet-surgeon, and succeeded in August 1880 by Mr. A. Turnbull, M.D. ; Mr. A. G. Delmege, M.D., joined as surgeon, and was promoted and reappointed as staff-surgeon in December 1879 ; Paymaster W. H. Whichelo remained throughout the cruise ; D. J. Pearce was chief engineer at the

outset, and was succeeded in July 1880 by D. Wilson. Of the sub-lieutenants, H. N. Rolfe was promoted, and left in December 1879; D. K. W. Murray left at Monte Video; E. Le Marchant remained throughout the cruise; F. M. Royds was promoted, and left in June 1880; H. C. Burrows was promoted, and left in September of the same year; C. H. Moore and F. B. Henderson remained throughout the cruises. Assistant Paymaster G. A. F. Scales remained throughout the cruises.

Of the foregoing, the first lieutenant, the Hon. A. G. Curzon Howe, taught seamanship to the Princes, and the gunnery lieutenant, Mr. C. H. Adair, instructed them in gunnery. Naval instruction came from Mr. J. W. Lawless, and French from Mr. G. Scales. Of the midshipmen, E. L. Munro was invalided home in November 1879, and W. F. Peel resigned in May 1880. The remaining midshipmen at the outset were



B. Currey, Hugh Evan Thomas, R. P. Fitzgerald, A. H. Limpus, the Hon. J. C. M. D. Scott, A. H. Christian, and W. B. Bassett. The cadets were the Hon. G. A. Hardinge, R. E. Wemyss, G. W. Hillyard, Lord F. G. G. Osborne, H.R.H. Prince Albert Victor Christian Edward, and H.R.H. Prince George Frederick Edward Albert. It was with these cadets and midshipmen that the two last-named cadets were brought into closest contact.

The Royal cadets joined the *Bacchante* on the 6th of August, 1879, having enjoyed a holiday of a week or two at the most after leaving the *Britannia*. The *Bacchante* was then lying off Cowes, and Cowes was holding its summer carnival. Brilliant as the spectacle during the Cowes week invariably is, and great though the number of distinguished visitors to Cowes is in almost every year, it has not often happened that the Cowes week has possessed so interesting a

feature as on this occasion. The *Bacchante*, with the Royal cadets on board, was visited by their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, with the Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud of Wales, and by their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, and the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, on the day of joining; and it must have been a pleasing sight indeed for those on board the multitudinous yachts to see the great cruiser "dressed with masthead flags in honour of the Duke of Edinburgh's birthday," to use the words of one of the two Princes. For a while life was easy. The pain of parting was postponed for a few days while the *Bacchante* lay in Cowes Roads for the regatta week; and the period of her experimental cruise, from the 11th to the 26th of August, together with the time occupied in shifting weights and so forth after the cruise, was turned to useful and pleasant purpose. The Princess of Wales

spent these last days with her sons, taking them to Denmark to visit her beloved home and relatives. It was not until the 17th of September that the Prince of Wales again brought his sons down to the *Bacchante* : then came the parting with the Prince of Wales on the 19th ; a few more distinguished visitors ; and on the evening of the 25th of September, the good ship started on her voyage Westward Ho !

On the following afternoon the English coast-line faded out of sight, and the Princes may be said to have fairly begun their lives at sea, where, from half-past six in the morning until half-past eight at night, every moment of the day has its allotted use.

Honest exercise, strengthening the muscles and extending the limbs, was the first work of every day, in the shape of cutlass or rifle drill, from half-past seven until eight. Breakfast, two hours of school, and half an hour of "sights" occupied the morning. The

routine of the afternoon varied from day to day, full attention being given to seamanship, gun drill, company drill, gunnery and torpedo practice, and steam. Altogether there was plenty to do and much to be enjoyed. In the very opening days of the cruise we find the boy Princes taking their turn with the other midshipmen and cadets upon the horizontal bar rigged up on the quarter-deck, and one of them explaining, doubtless in a letter, the manner in which the game of deck quoits is played. They were, in short, merry lads, without affectation of manner, who joined in the games of the other lads on board and were liked accordingly by everybody.

It is no part of the present purpose to cover with precision all the ground covered by the book of Mr. Dalton and the Princes, but rather to glance in that faithful book at the experiences which came to the Princes. The first note is one of pleasure; it came,

doubtless, from the pen of the elder lad. On Saturday, September 27th, it is noted that it was "already a couple of degrees warmer than yesterday." This was a change Prince Albert Victor was sure to appreciate, for he was at all times fond of warmth and sensitive to cold. Soon we see naval ambition beginning to awaken in the lads ; they forget that they are Princes ; they remember that they are cadets ; they note with honest pleasure that " Two of our gun-room messmates, who came out of the *Britannia* in our term as naval cadets, are to-day rated as midshipmen, and appear for the first time with the white patches on their jacket collars."

On the 6th of October they were in the midst of the scene of Nelson's greatest battle with Gibraltar in sight. In the course of the day they landed on the rock, and explored the vicinity ; and on the next day, it is clear, were both amused and annoyed to find that some purely fictitious story con-

cerning an imaginary mutiny on the *Bacchante* had been spread abroad. On that same day they began their Mediterranean cruise, and in the course of it visited and picked up a good deal of information concerning the Balearic Isles and many other places. But the cruise was no pleasure trip. Then on the 22nd of October they reached Palermo, but nobody landed except the Captain; and on the following day, when Prince Albert Victor and the Captain ascended Monte Pellegrino, Prince George remained on board, attending to his duties. On the next day, however, six officers from the ward-room and a dozen merry midshipmen and cadets, of whom two were Royal, went ashore; and although we read a good deal of interesting buildings and so forth seen ashore, we have also presented to us a picture, such as Marryat used to draw, of three carriages laden with cadets and midshipmen; and there is no doubt that the lads, although they

assimilated a great deal of useful information, had their fill of the pleasure of being ashore as a party of merry boys, full of jokes and prone to laughter, as sailors ashore always have been, and, it is to be hoped, always will be.

Messina was the farthest point of their Mediterranean cruise, and on the 31st of October the *Bacchante* was turned back towards Gibraltar. Here, again, some pleasant days were passed. Perhaps the pleasantest of them was that passed in the company of that noble soldier, Lord Napier of Magdala, in following the Calpe hounds after a Spanish fox, for Prince Albert Victor was from his early boyhood a keen and excellent rider. These few days were noted as "very happy," and there is no doubt that the Princes carried away the pleasantest recollections of both Lord and Lady Napier.

When the *Bacchante* first started from Portland the cry had been Westward Ho!

for a few days only. Now, when she left Gibraltar on the 15th of November, it was Westward Ho! in earnest. There were to be no London fogs, no experience of the north-easter sweeping off the German Ocean on to the Norfolk plains, no skating over the frozen surface of the fens, for the Princes during that November and December. They were to pass their time for the most part at sea, which was their delight. One of them writes :—

“ The contrast between the routine of the ship and the rushing about on shore at Gibraltar is very jolly.”

Off Madeira they had rough weather, and so nasty a sea that, after waiting for a day in much discomfort, the *Bacchante* had to seek refuge under lee of the north side of the island. Nor on this occasion did the Princes see anything of the island. In the beginning of December the *Bacchante* was at Teneriffe, and the young Princes landed several times,



making acquaintance with a friendly American gentleman, in whose carriage they visited many places of interest. On the 6th of the month, in delightful weather, the *Bacchante* began her voyage to Barbadoes, the Princes spending their spare time in reading Kingsley's "Westward Ho!" Such books of stirring adventure had ever an attraction for Prince Albert Victor, as they have for all thoroughly English lads. Thus, in the rough diary of a Trinity undergraduate of later days, comes the entry:—

“Explored the Royal apartments, and discovered *Treasure Island*.”

A pleasant little episode was the arrival of Christmas Day, the first Christmas spent by the Princes on the high seas, when Barbadoes was all but on the horizon. But in the early morning, before Barbadoes was in sight and before the sun rose, the Princes saw for the first time that beautiful Southern Cross. In the afternoon they were reminded

of home in a very appropriate fashion, and a sentence, evidently written by Prince George, notes that the face of the Governor, Major G. Strahan, R.A., was familiar: "Three years ago he happened to dine at Abergeldie, the night of the day when Eddy first went out deerstalking, and remembered the *curée* afterwards in the porch." Prince Albert Victor, therefore, killed his first stag at a very early age, and it was an omen of good sportsmanship to follow, for his reputation as a shot afterwards was high.

It is very clear that the Princes were deeply interested in the West Indies, and they were much struck by the manner in which they have been neglected, not only by British governments but also by the non-resident owners of property. Anent this neglect there is a fine passage (p. 109) written half-way between St. Lucia and Martinique:—

"There are yet, even in clearest blaze of

sunshine, scenes full of ghosts—the ghosts of gallant sailors and soldiers. Truly here

‘The spirits of our fathers  
Might start from every wave;  
For the deck it was their field of fame,  
And ocean was their grave’—

start, and ask us their sons, ‘What have you done for these islands which we won for you with precious blood?’ And what could we answer? We have misused them, neglected them, till at the present moment, ashamed of the slavery of the past, and too ignorant and helpless to govern them as a dependency of an overburdened colonial bureau in London, now slavery is gone, we are half-minded to throw them away again and ‘give them up,’ no matter much to whom. But was it for this that these islands were taken and retaken, till every gully and every foot of the ocean bed holds the skeleton of an Englishman? Was it for this that these seas were reddened with the blood of our own

forefathers year after year? Did all these gallant souls go down to Hades in vain, and leave nothing for the Englishman but the sad and proud memory of their useless valour?"

Truly the writer of these words, whether he was Prince Albert Victor or Prince George, had been educated in the right way, and had drunk in the spirit of patriotism. Pure British feeling animates every word, and the language is such as might have been expected from lads who had been reading, as the text narrates, Kingsley's "Heroes" and "Westward Ho!", the "Earthly Paradise" of Mr. Morris of Parnassus (not of Penbryn), that most delightful of true books of adventure, "The Voyages of Columbus," and, if the style does not lead the writer astray, at least those stirring words ending "even many stalwart sons of heroes," with which Kingsley concluded his prelude to the description of certain scenes in the Crimean War in "Two Years Ago."

But if the Princes found time for serious

reflection upon such subjects as it becomes Princes to consider during their travels in the West Indies, they did not fail to make the most of their opportunities of enjoyment. We read of many and many a trip, sometimes on horseback, sometimes with a party of merry messmates of the gun-room, into the interior of this island or that, of cricket-matches, in which the champions of the *Bacchante* were for the most part soundly beaten, of dances and parties of all kinds. Perhaps the most pleasant of these entertainments was a dinner-party at Government House, Trinidad, followed by a ball at the house of Mr. Leon Agostini, a non-official member of the Council. The dinner was begun and finished on the evening of the 7th of January. The ball began on that day amidst a fine display of festooned lights and parterres surrounded by negroes and mulattoes bearing coloured lamps, which are described with keen appreciation. But supper

was not served until midnight was past, and then, in that supper-room in the cool garden where four hundred guests could be seated simultaneously, it came suddenly to mind that it was Prince Albert Victor's birthday ; and the customary toasts were drunk, if possible, with greater enthusiasm than usual by those who remembered that the father, the mother, and the grandmother of the bright boys who sat at the cross table were far away at home. The festivities were renewed after sunrise on board the *Bacchante*; and an entry, made by Prince George in all probability, records the performances of bluejackets and marines as Christy Minstrels, mentioning the more successful men by name, in a manner which shows clearly the interest he took in every man on board the ship. But Prince Albert Victor's birthday was signalised by another event which was of greater importance to the boys. "To-day both of us were rated

midshipmen ; we were at the time the only two naval cadets in the gun-room." It happens, by a curious coincidence, that these words are being written on the anniversary of that same day ; but it is an anniversary now of sadness rather than of joy.

For the rest, the keen delight of this winter and spring in the West Indies was marred by two sad memories for the sailor Princes. One of the ship's company was severely injured by a fall from the rigging ; he was left in hospital at Barbadoes, and the Princes evidently were anxious concerning him. At Barbadoes, too, died Mr. Sims, the naval schoolmaster, and at Grenada George Knight, a stoker. The Princes also were fated to see the last of Her Majesty's ill-fated *Atalanta*, which sailed from Bermuda on the 31st of January, 1880, and was never heard of again. The news of the calamity did not, of course, reach the Princes until their return to England.

Even the most pleasant of voyages must, in the nature of things, come to an end, and on the 13th of April, 1880, the *Bacchante* left Bermuda upon her homeward voyage, the message "Good-bye ; pleasant passage," being signalled, oddly enough, from Clarence Cove. All through the record of the homeward voyage there is a dominant note of joyful anticipation ; and, beyond that, evidence of strict attention to professional work. An account of exercises at General Quarters (pp. 189-90) is excellent. On the 30th of April, at noon, the vessel was but two hundred and seventy-eight miles from the Lizard, and it is delightful to observe the pleasure with which the lads welcomed the gulls from the English coast, which came wheeling and circling around the vessel, and the arrival of two wearied stone-chats which refused to be comforted with crumbs, and died. The remoteness of the life they had been leading is emphasised by their first question to an



outward bound vessel : " Who is the Premier ? " On the 3rd of May, having anchored at Spithead overnight, the Princes were welcomed by the Prince and Princess of Wales, and the Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud of Wales, and by Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, all of whom lunched on board.

And now the Princes went home for their holidays as blithely and gladly as any other lads, ready to enjoy their life ashore heartily and with a will, overjoyed to be reunited to their parents ; but not forgetting, even in that moment of triumphant pleasure, while the guns thundered and while they stood side by side with their parents, the childless parents and friends of the three hundred gallant men and boys who had shared the fate of the *Atalanta*.

## CHAPTER V.

### *CRUISE OF THE "BACCHANTE."*

#### PART II.

MAY passed, and June, and half July; and on the 19th the Princes rejoined the now refitted *Bacchante* for a cruise with the Combined Channel and Reserve Squadrons, which proceeded first to Bantry Bay and then to Vigo. The account of this cruise contains some sharp criticism upon the delusive character of the Reserve Squadron of "floating gymnasia," to use the words of the Princes. The object of this cruise was purely educational, and it is interesting to note that H.M.S. *Hercules* bore the flag of our other sailor Prince, H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh. On the 12th of August

the *Bacchante* was again at Cowes, and the Princes had the pleasure of seeing the Princess of Wales and their three sisters, who came on board from the yacht *Fortuna*, with Miss Knollys, Sir Henry Keppel, Sir Allen Young, and Lord Charles Beresford. Later came the Prince of Wales from the *Zuleika* with Captain Stephenson. On the 15th the Prince and Princess, the young Princesses, and the Duke of Edinburgh visited the *Bacchante* again, and attended morning service; on the 19th the young Princes went to Osborne to see the Queen and the widowed Empress Eugenie, then lately returned from her sad errand at the Cape, and during all this time the Princes saw a good deal of their relatives. But on the 15th of September, after the Princes had seen their father and their uncle, Prince John of Glücksburg and Prince Louis of Battenberg, came another parting for a longer period, for the *Bacchante* was to go

round the world with the training squadron. It is to be noted that on the 17th the Princes were engaged "in the morning running Whitehead torpedoes, one of which went to the bottom and stuck in the mud, but was afterwards recovered." This was off Portland, so it may fairly be concluded, since nothing was heard in public of any accident at the time, that this was not the occasion upon which an errant torpedo cut through the boat containing the two young Princes, compelling them to draw their legs under the thwarts and, eventually, to take to the water.

On the 20th of September the long cruise was fairly begun, and on the 27th the vessel "steamed in through the narrow entrance" of Ferrol harbour, which proved, but recently, all but the ruin of H.M.S. *Howe*. As the *Bacchante* left Ferrol the Princes read Froude's chapter on the Spanish Armada—there is no better preacher of patriotism than

Professor Froude. (It may be well to justify an occasional quotation from "The Cruise of the *Bacchante*" by observing that Mr. Dalton at this point quoted four octavo pages of the "History of England.") On the 26th of October the Admiral, Rear Admiral the Earl of Clanwilliam, C.B., arrived from Portsmouth in the *Inconstant*, and signalled, "The squadron will proceed to sea on Sunday, the 31st, at 10 A.M."; and on that day, after an interval of joyful meeting between the Princes and old messmates on board the *Carysfort* and the *Inconstant*, and of wet and stormy weather, the great cruise began with "a splendid rainbow as a good omen."

The cruise which opened in so auspicious a fashion, of which the details had been planned with infinite care, was destined to illustrate in an emphatic manner the fallibility of all human arrangements; but at the outset all went merry as a marriage bell. The squadron stayed for a short time at Madeira,

and thence proceeded, without touching at the Canaries—which had been visited in the course of the preceding year—to the Cape de Verdes group, where again the stay was brief.

During the run from these islands to the mouth of the River Plate the old-world ceremony, which introduces to Father Neptune those who cross the line for the first time, was rehearsed with infinite merriment, in which the Princes clearly joined heartily. But, albeit, after the fashion of genuine boys, the Princes took part in all the amusements with which the monotony of life on board ship is relieved, they were far from being idle or from neglecting the study of books calculated to enhance their appreciation of the countries which they expected to visit. Squier's "Peru," Prescott's "History of the Incas," Darwin's narrative of "The Voyage of the *Beagle*," absorbed their attention.

There was indeed some time for reading, for it was not until the 21st of December

that the squadron reached Monte Video. Excursions from Monte Video and Buenos Ayres into the country in the background amused the Princes vastly. On the Pampas they saw the bolas thrown—Prince George was presented with a set, and Prince Albert Victor accepted a present of furs. On the Pampas they recorded with delight the result of the untutored efforts of one of their companions to throw the bolas, the said result being that the experimentalist caught his own horse's legs. On the Pampas, too, both Princes played polo with eager zeal, Prince Albert Victor's fine horsemanship standing him in good stead, as it did later in Ireland. Christmas Day, the second Christmas Day spent by the Princes away from home, was passed quietly on board the *Bacchante* at Monte Video. Prince Albert Victor's seventeenth birthday was celebrated by a cricket-match—in which the champions of the *Bacchante* actually beat the representatives

of the South American squadron—and in true boyish fashion by the presence and rapid disappearance of a big cake in the gun-room.

On the following day the squadron started for the Falkland Islands, and encountered cold and miserable weather on the voyage. The dominant fact in the entries for four successive days is the cold, which Prince Albert Victor always disliked. “Bitterly cold when mids. turned out for drill at 6.30,” is one observation. Squalls and storms were numerous. The Princes were clearly glad to take refuge below from the bitter weather to read Magellan’s account of his voyages, and any and every book they could lay hands on which might introduce them to the legends and the traditions of that glorious South America which they expected to visit.

But, while the Princes had been at sea, the march of events had been proceeding rapidly. They had noted, just before leaving



England, that Her Majesty had bidden farewell to the Rifle Brigade. South American papers had no doubt made mention of the war in South Africa, but the nature of the information given by South American newspapers is proverbially untrustworthy, and the fact that the troubles in Africa had produced no deep impression on the minds of those on board the *Bacchante* is made clear by the absence of any reference to the subject in the published diaries of the Princes. No change of programme was expected; it did not appear that there was any ground for hurrying ashore; and, although fortunately Bishop Stirling visited the *Bacchante* on the 24th of January, the day upon which she arrived, the Princes never set foot on shore. Even on the following morning no idea of a change of programme was suspected; the Princes took their part in manning and arming boats; afterwards the squadron was at sail drill; a few officers went across the

island to shoot. All appeared to be humdrum and ordinary, even monotonous.

Suddenly there was a stir on the flagship, the "Blue Peter" was hoisted, the low hills around Port William reverberated as a cannon shot roared from the *Inconstant*, the windows of the village ashore, which had reminded the Princes of an Irish hamlet, rattled as windows will under such circumstances, and in a few moments a fateful message was signalled from the flagship. The quiet educational cruise had become an earnest and an anxious affair; the squadron was ordered off to the Cape of Good Hope. Forthwith there was a scene of orderly and disciplined animation. Men's hearts beat faster, and men's blood ran in warmer current at the thought that active service might be in store for them.

The notes of the two Princes at this crisis are full of interest. They shared with true professional zeal in the general excite-

ment, and, sorry as they were to miss the scenes of South America, scenes instinct with legend and history, they speculated eagerly as to the chances of service, and shared fully in the indignation of that true South American at Monte Video who had kept the telegram addressed to the Admiral for three days in his pocket, although it had arrived when the squadron had departed but half an hour on its voyage to the Falkland Isles. All the way across to the Cape men, knowing not whether they might be called upon to face Basutos, Zulus, or Boers, were busy in preparing for whatsoever conflict fortune might have in store for them. Blue-jackets were being prepared for service ashore as a naval brigade.

On the 16th of February the African hills were sighted. On the evening of the same day the squadron dropped anchor in Simon's Bay. The position of the Princes at this point cannot, in spite of the attention paid

to them by Sir Hercules and Lady Robinson, have been free from that anxiety which came from the constant receipt of bad news, combined with the certain knowledge that they must have missed a budget of letters from home. It was not, indeed, until after the middle of March that their letters, which had travelled to the Falkland Islands and back again to England, reached them, and in the meanwhile the chronicle of calamities had grown longer and longer. They had hardly been ten days at St. Simon's Bay before they heard the sad tidings of Majuba Hill and Laing's Nek. Not another month passed before the Russian corvette *Vestris* brought the news of the assassination of the Emperor of Russia. On the day following the receipt of that news Prince Albert Victor was reminded of another sad subject by the act of riding the grey horse which had carried the Prince Imperial—brightest and most keen of soldier lads—to his death.

Nor were the general surroundings such as to inspirit Princes who were, *par excellence*, patriots. Politics are not to our present purpose. It is not suitable to the subject that censure should be poured upon this or that leader or politician. It is enough to be compelled to record the fact that our eager Princes should have been in the position of helpless witnesses of the most glaring disgrace which has ever ensued upon a British enterprise in warfare. They felt this keenly. The brightness and the merriment vanished from their diaries and letters ; they knew not what calamity the morrow would bring forth ; their very plans were uncertain. Misfortune haunts the pages ; the general tendency of men's minds was towards pessimism ; and in that pessimism even Mr. Dalton joined. The Cape of Good Hope seems, according to him, to have belied its name from the beginning. The opening of the Suez Canal had reduced its value as a

naval and military station. By 1888 the opening of the Panama Canal would certainly have operated in the same direction. It is now 1893. The Panama Canal has not been opened; the author of that gigantic project, the venerable engineer whom the Princes were to meet in later days upon the scene of his greatest triumph, is surrounded by every circumstance of infamy and scandal.

It cannot but have been with a sense of relief that the Princes found themselves, on the 9th of April, *en route* for Australia. The voyage was destined to be eventful, and even dangerous. On the 12th of May a heavy gale was blowing, and the *Bacchante* was found to refuse to answer her helm. She was indeed practically rudderless—it was found later that she had broken her rudder's shaft—and it is not easy to realise the full intensity of the anxiety of those in command, who had to think not only of the ship and her crew, but of the fact that among the

midshipmen were the two sons of the Prince and Princess of Wales. We read that for thrice twenty-four hours the captain, commander, and navigating lieutenant went without sleep.

The accident, of course, entailed a change of programme; and, as soon as temporary steering gear could be rigged, the vessel's course was shaped for Albany in Western Australia, which was reached without mishap. There we find the two Princes enjoying themselves according to their dispositions. Prince Albert Victor was delighted with the Australian horses; Prince George played cricket; both managed to see a good deal of the country. This may be a convenient point at which to mention an incident of the Australian tour which the writer is unable to localise in any particular province. Somewhere on the Australian continent it had been arranged that the two Princes should make an excursion together in a compara-

tively wild region. It happened that one only took part in the excursion, the other being prevented by some trifling ailment. Some highly imaginative journalist seems to have founded, upon the fact that one Prince was visible where two had been expected, a criminally sensational report, for, upon reaching the end of the excursion, the high official in charge received the telegraphic message: *Which of the Princes has been assassinated?*

Of course there was not a particle of truth in the rumour; but when we remember that such a rumour, circulated in Melbourne or Sydney, might easily reach Fleet Street in a few hours, might be circulated by many agencies, and might spread consternation in thousands of homes, it becomes clear that this unscrupulous scribbler was guilty of a serious and heartless misdemeanour.

The repairs necessary to make the *Bacchante* fit for service again could not be



completed rapidly, and the Princes proceeded upon their travels in the passenger steamer *Cathay*. Space will not permit a description of their travels. It must suffice to say that during the months of June, July, and part of August, they saw men and cities without number, were initiated into public life, went down a gold mine at Ballarat, saw the race for the Victoria Gold Cup, made considerable excursions into the bush, and met many of those Australian statesmen whose reputation is world-wide. Demonstrations of loyalty were numerous and real, and the Princes were delighted with their experiences. "After England, Australia will always occupy the warmest corner in our hearts." Still, true sailors as they were, it was not without pleasure that, after a short period spent upon the *Inconstant*, they rejoined the *Bacchante* finally, and, on the 20th of August, bade adieu to Australia. Yet their Australian tour was marred by one piece of

ill news—the tidings of the assassination of President Garfield.

A short stay in Fiji clearly amused the Princes greatly, and added another item to their accumulating experiences of humanity. Then came a long run to Japan, upon which they were unable to land on Pleasant Island, owing to the fact, signalled from the flagship, that civil war was raging, that “all hands” were constantly drunk, and that an escaped convict was *de facto* king of the island. What the ultimate issue of this political storm in a teacup may have been history does not record. The voyage towards Japan had a shadow cast over it by the somewhat serious illness of the Admiral, for whom the Princes had a great regard. The Princes record also the death of a kangaroo, which had become a great favourite with all on board. For the rest they continued to perform their professional duties, and to occupy some of their spare hours by

preparing themselves in that knowledge which might enable them to appreciate that strange and fascinating country.

Yokohama was reached on the 21st of October, and on the 24th the Princes began a holiday of five days ashore, which was clearly a period of unmixed delight. No traveller fails to regard Japan as the most interesting of countries, and the Princes saw Japan and its people to the best possible advantage. To us it appears but natural that the Mikado and his consort should pay special attention to Princes of that country which the Japanese love to imitate; but there is none the less room for a pleasant feeling over the thought that the Mikado was courteous and kind in no common measure, so that the Princes carried away in due course the tenderest memories of the country. From Japan, in the simple and direct language of the boys, we have charming accounts of interesting little incidents, such as Prince Albert Victor's con-

versation with the Mikado, and a presentation by Prince Albert Victor of two pet wallabies to the Mikado's consort. This was a present of the right sort ; one which the giver presented gladly, since he had ever a readiness to give, but which none the less involved parting with a cherished possession. Another charming picture is that of the Mikado proposing the health of our English Queen, and that of Prince Albert Victor proposing the health of the Mikado. Prince Albert Victor, too, enjoyed greatly a review of the Japanese troops, having a soldierly appreciation of their activity and wiry frames.

Not so keenly did either of the Princes relish the soft tones and old-world harmonies of the Mikado's private band ; indeed, they compared these to insipid fruit or a picture by Mr. Whistler. To the last-named they would have grown more lenient, perhaps, in time.

An entry on October 27th shows the

boys, who had not yet been educated up to the point of appreciating Mr. Whistler, to be truer boys than ever, for they record the visit of a Japanese tattooing artist, who began the operation of imprinting on them in indelible figures "a large dragon in blue and red writhing down the arms." Was there ever a boy who did not, at some period of his career, desire to be tattooed, or one who did not, in later life, wish he had not given way to the fancy? A state visit of the Mikado to the *Bacchante*, and the Yokohama regatta, in which Prince George steered the officers' boat of the *Bacchante*, brought the brief but delightful visit to Yokohama and its surroundings to a close. Upon that visit followed a cruise in the Inland Sea and to Kobe, where the Princes were granted seven days' leave ashore, which they enjoyed exceedingly in company with Mr. Satou, concerning whom their expressions are uniformly warm and affectionate.

China came next upon the programme of this magnificent grand tour, and here again the Princes had a delightful experience, free, for the most part, from pomp and ceremony. A long expedition in a houseboat from Shanghai, pheasant and quail shooting up the river, the sight of tame cormorants fishing for their masters in the Grand Canal, and like matters, are related in a tone of keen pleasure. Nor can a nicer picture be conjured up to mind than that of the two Royal boys drinking the health of their mother on her birthday in the little cabin of the *Ariadne* houseboat; listening, perhaps, as they had listened on the preceding evening, to the twittering and chirping of the sparrows in the bamboos "instead of the ivy at home." Keen, too, was their enjoyment of a day with the pack of stag-hounds. Christmas Day was spent at Hong Kong on board ship, quietly enough, but it was a day none the less to be marked with

a white stone, for the "English mail arrived at breakfast-time with our letters from home"; and home is the place which comes to every wandering Englishman's mind and heart when Christmas Day recurs.

It must not be supposed that, because in the part of this volume dealing with the travels of the Princes attention is directed to pleasant episodes, such as have been recounted of late, the educational opportunities given by their voyagings were neglected, or that they were not welcomed with attention and courtesy by the personages with whom they were brought into contact. The case was indeed far otherwise; and it is quite clear not only that Mr. Dalton kept a keen eye on their intellectual development, but also that they profited abundantly by his educational ministrations. All this was advantageous to them; but for us there is charm also in tracing the evidence of the natural character of boyhood in the Princes;

in observing that the round of instruction, interesting as it was, was varied by regular holidays in the open air, in which the lads could close their princely lesson books, so to speak, could cast aside all thoughts of political history, of the rise and fall of dynasties, and so forth ; in which they could be boys pure and simple, tramping the paddy fields after pheasant and quail, gliding up the broad river, and enjoying their life of travel. In these things, no less than in the assimilation of knowledge, is to be traced the making of a man.

It was on the last day of 1881 that the *Bacchante* left Hong Kong, and the general feeling of all on board was one of joy at being homeward bound. Still, home itself was not to be reached for many a long day, for there were sundry places remaining to be visited. The first of these was Singapore, which was reached on the day after Prince Albert Victor's birthday had been celebrated



by dinner in the captain's cabin. Singapore itself the Princes liked well, and there they met a very large number of distinguished persons; but the weather at Singapore seems to have been trying, and, upon a study of the book, it seems fairly clear that the Princes preferred Ceylon. There, indeed, they had experiences such as no boy and few men can read without a feeling of envy. They liked the hearty young planters of the island; they enjoyed greatly a sambur hunt with Mr. Lutyen's pack, and they had one real treat in watching the driving of a herd of elephants into a kraal. The description of this performance given by the Princes is excellently written. One point of detail in it, evidently recorded by Prince George, catches attention from our present point of view. Prince Albert Victor, being unwell, could not stay until the end; Prince George remained until five o'clock in the pouring rain. But the sight which Prince Albert

Victor missed in its fulness then he saw in perfection in after-years, upon his Indian tour, under the guidance of Mr. Sanderson, the most famous elephant-catcher in the world, who died but a short time ago, to the grief of a large circle of friends, albeit he was apparently in the prime of life.

On the 6th of February the homeward voyage advanced another stage, as the *Bacchante* left Colombo for Suez, which was reached, after many complaints of the stifling heat in the Red Sea, on the 2nd of March. Here there was an impressive meeting, for M. de Lesseps was waiting for the arrival of the Princes and had kept the Canal clear for them. The Princes evidently felt the personal charm of that great man whom charitable people, forgetting Panama and recent proceedings, remember as the man who performed one stupendous feat. The Princes, indeed, were on the point of going off to sleep with him at his house, of which they

gave a good description, and they would have gone but for the fact that they were tired and exhausted.

The stay in Egypt was prolonged, and nobody can read the cruise of the *Bacchante* without feeling that the Princes, as the Americans say, "did Egypt thoroughly"; but it is clear that there were some days of predominant enjoyment, and that their personal reminiscences of Egypt were of the most pleasant kind. It was an honour, even to a British Prince, to meet the De Lesseps of those days. The Khedive was not only courteous and attentive to the Princes, but he roused in them a friendly and personal interest. They pitied his two sons, immersed in an unending round of study, expressing their pity in a sturdy manner instinct with the spirit of the British school-boy. But what they enjoyed most keenly and obviously was a long trip up to the First Cataract on board the Khedive's yacht,

the *Ferouze*, upon which they had the company of Sir E. Malet, Ismail Pasha Youstiz, Zecchi Bey, Bruschi Bey, and sundry of their shipmates. It must be noted, too, that the Princes were fortunate in the time of their Egyptian visit, for not many weeks had passed before the thunder of British cannon was heard outside Alexandria.

As it was, however, they left Alexandria on the 28th of March for Joppa, intent upon travels in that district which, as long as human reason holds its sway, will be the most interesting district in the world to civilised men. Some of the places which have been mentioned hitherto are familiar only to Macaulay's schoolboy, who never existed; but the places now to be visited by the Princes are familiar by name to every lisping child. To go by sea to Joppa, to pass through Philistia, to Jerusalem, Bethlehem, and Hebron; to gaze upon the Dead Sea, and to muse upon the fate of the Cities

of the Plain ; to pass by Jericho ; to go to Samaria and Nazareth ; to walk upon the shores of Gennesaret—this is to enter the Holy of holies of the Christian religion. Nor can any man walk on the slopes of Hermon without remembering sweet anthems pealing under the arches of the village church at home ; nor see the cedar of Lebanon without bringing to mind the lessons of love he learned at his mother's knee ; nor visit Damascus and Baalbec without feeling that he is in the midst of scenes of monumental and awe-inspiring grandeur.

It was a somewhat prolonged tour in the Holy Land, and it was not until the 7th of May that the Princes left Beyrout for Athens. There, at the ancient port of Piræus, the scene of the departure and the return of many expeditions in the early days of Athenian greatness, they had a grand reception, and, as was probably more important to them than the grand reception, the feeling

that they were nearing home began to grow upon them. The King of Greece, who, with his consort, met them at the Piræus, was their uncle, their beloved mother's brother, and the meeting with "our cousins" was pleasant. The pleasure of the sojourn at Athens was, however, marred somewhat by the illness of Prince George, who was indeed so ill that he was confined to his cot, and was compelled to receive there the visit of his illustrious relative and namesake. Still, the period of a fortnight or thereabouts spent at Athens was full of delight, and Prince George was not slow to recover from his indisposition.

Again the times were stirring. Rumours of trouble in Egypt were in the air when, on the 21st, the Princes parted from their uncle and cousins, and went in the *Bacchante* to Sada Bay, in Crete, to witness and to take part in the naval regatta. At that time we in England knew every step taken before the ultimate bombardment of Alexan-

dria ; but news was slow in penetrating to Crete ; and the naval regatta was accomplished with the usual spirit almost, if not quite, at the time when war had broken out on the southern coast of the Mediterranean. In that regatta the *Bacchante's* boats were triumphant, and, about this time, the *Bacchante's* midshipmen, with whom the Princes had shared common instruction, were acquitting themselves remarkably well in their examinations. The Princes, too, were no amateur seamen. Prince George has proved himself, in later years, a master of his profession ; and throughout his life, even up to the premature end of the chapter, Prince Albert Victor took a keen and professional interest in all matters connected with the sea. Thus, when some years afterwards he was inspecting the great Bute Docks at Cardiff, under the guidance of their master-spirits, Sir William Thomas Lewis and Captain Pomeroy, those close observers of men were

much impressed by the pointed nature of the questions which he asked, and by his evident appreciation of the full significance of the answers. Whatsoever pertained to seamanship, or to the welfare of seamen afloat or ashore, was indeed at all times a subject of intelligent interest to Prince Edward after he had ceased to be an active member of the navy, no less than to his younger brother, who was able to remain for some years a zealous officer in the service which he loved.

From Crete the *Bacchante* passed *viâ* Sicily and Sardinia to Gibraltar, where the Princes were to renew that pleasant acquaintance with Lord Napier of Magdala and Lady Napier which they had begun during their opening cruise. We may not linger here, but there is one grim fact which forces itself upon the memory. This meeting took place in the summer of 1882 ; but a few years were to elapse before the body of Lord



Napier of Magdala was to be buried with all due honour, with all the severe pomp appropriate to a military funeral ; less than ten years were to elapse before the elder of the two Princes, who parted from the war-worn leader on that summer day of Spanish sunshine in the fulness of youthful vigour, was to be borne from Sandringham Church upon the same gun carriage which had conveyed Lord Napier of Magdala's weary frame to its last resting-place.

A long beat to the westward from Gibraltar, made with the object of reaching the western edge of an Atlantic gale, necessitated a visit to Ferrol for coal before the English Channel could be entered ; but on the 5th of August the long voyaging was all but at an end. The Princes had noted, with the eagerness of boys returning for their holidays from school, each familiar point upon the English coast. They had secured with avidity from a Brixham trawler

—was it not a Brixham lugger that brought the news of the Armada?—a week-old copy of an English newspaper. At last, off Swanage, the *Osborne* came towards them, bearing the Prince and Princess of Wales and the three young Princesses.

On that same happy day, the 5th of August, 1882, the Prince and Princess of Wales were able to accompany their sons ashore to pay their respects to the Queen at Osborne; and this was no formal visit, for as between the Queen and the other members of the Royal family there has ever been the warmest affection, so it is well known that between the Queen and the eldest son of the Prince of Wales there was ever a bond of special tenderness and love.

On the following Friday the two Princes were confirmed by the venerable Archbishop of Canterbury, in Whippingham Church, in the presence of the Queen. Then the Archbishop delivered a noteworthy charge,

published *in extenso* in "The Cruise of the *Bacchante*," in which occurred one sentence which may serve to explain the tone adopted in this work hitherto. So far it has been all but impossible, and it would have been inartistic, because untrue to the reality, to separate the lives of the Princes. But the Archbishop prophesied wisely : "From this time forward your course of life, which has been hitherto unusually alike, must, in many respects, diverge. You will have different occupations and different training for an expected difference of position."

One word more, and this chapter may close. The sons of the Prince and Princess of Wales, our Princes, had returned safely from a long and adventurous round of travels. Their return, and the manner of it, remind the reader strongly of the return of those heroes of Elizabethan days which Kingsley, whom the sailor Princes loved so well in his writings, describes with picturesque vigour

in "Westward Ho!" They had not, indeed, been round the world, since fate had prevented that purpose from being accomplished; they had not fought the Spaniard, since with Spain we were at peace; but they had twice been all but within sight of the theatre of war; they had been through many experiences, had endured some hardships; they had returned with bronzed features and robust health to their island home. Their lives had been spent hitherto in the closest of brotherhood, so close that their notes and letters were for the most part written in the first person plural; the last three years had been to them jointly a period of incessant enlargement of experience, and now their paths were to be divided. What could be more absolutely fitting, what more simply harmonious with the best instincts of the British nation, than that they should, in returning thanks for their deliverance from the manifold perils of the sea, be associated together in con-

firmation at the hands of the greatest Archbishop of the Victorian age? The mental picture it is desired to impress at the end of this long chapter is that of the two Princes kneeling side by side in Whippingham Church before the Archbishop on Saturday, watched by the Queen, with many officers and bluejackets of the *Bacchante* and a party of marines in the body of the church. And the scene of the following Sunday, when the Princes received their first Communion with their Royal father and mother, while Her Majesty at Portsmouth was inspecting the transports before their departure to Egypt, was not less thoroughly national.

## CHAPTER VI.

### *PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR AS AN UNDER-GRADUATE.*

THE brothers, who had been as David and Jonathan, were divided, and our eyes must for the future be focussed upon the experiences and the mental development of the elder of the two. Let us pass from the end of the cruise of the *Bacchante* to the summer of 1883.

At that time Prince Albert Victor came into contact with a remarkable man who exercised a strong influence over his development. The training on board the *Bacchante* had been good ; the experience of men and cities gained in three years of wandering over sea and earth had been an essential part of princely education ; but it was not

to be expected that either the one or the other should produce that particular kind of knowledge which Cambridge demands of her sons; and it had been decided that Cambridge should be honoured with a share in the training of him who stood next to his father in succession to the throne. Cambridge, it may well be, would not have been exacting in her demands; but at any rate some further training was necessary to furnish Prince Albert Victor with such knowledge as would enable him to make his residence at Cambridge profitable. So in July of 1883 we find Prince Albert Victor at Sandringham under the care of Mr. Dalton. But Mr. Dalton was not alone. It was deemed wise, probably at his unprompted suggestion, to bring fresh influences to bear, and to that end Mr. J. K. Stephen was invited to take part in the Prince's education under the superintendence of his familiar tutor.

Mr. Stephen was, it has been said already, a man of striking personality. He was the son of one of Her Majesty's judges, who owed his seat upon the Bench to exceptional circumstances and exceptional powers. Some men are promoted to the Bench because they have served faithfully this political party or that; some owe their position to the skill and learning which they have displayed as advocates. Sir James Fitzjames Stephen rose to his high office—without having argued many cases, without having been prominent in politics—by force of the sheer intellectual power, the profundity and the precision of thought which he had shown in dealing with Indian law, and in books upon English law treating of subjects which, since his books appeared, no wise man has so much as attempted to handle. Mr. J. K. Stephen, an Etonian and Cambridge man to the finger-tips, added to his father's powers and force of intellect



a cultivated taste in the delicacies of scholarship. He was no mere bookworm, but a man with a natural bent towards dainty and exquisite language in prose and verse. "He was (writes his friend Mr. H. F. Wilson, to whom I am under a deep obligation) by general consent the ablest of the younger generation . . . . No better choice could have been possibly made, for Mr. Stephen, to an extraordinarily brilliant and subtle intellect, united a geniality of disposition that made him, to those who knew him well, one of the most lovable of men." A hearty man was this, and a vigorous, warm-hearted, large in mind, versatile in taste, intensely human.

Such was the man under whose immediate personal influence Prince Albert Victor was brought, and for whom, until death parted them, taking first the pupil and then the tutor, Prince Albert Victor had ever an affectionate regard. Mr. Stephen's task was twofold.

He had to smooth the difficulties which were bound to arise from time to time upon the path towards knowledge, and to imbue his charge with the best spirit of the public school and the University.

A few letters from Mr. Stephen—alas, they are all too few!—show us pleasant pictures. Mr. Stephen did not exaggerate the Prince's virtues, nor did he fail to appreciate his merits. He wrote thus, shortly after reaching Sandringham, "He is a good-natured, unaffected youth, and disposed to exert himself to learn some history."

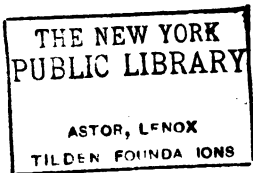
The Prince had, in fact, always shown a natural predilection for history and for genealogies, which some men find dull; he had a singularly retentive memory. Mr. Stephen goes on to describe the life at the "Bachelors' Cottage" in Sandringham Park:—

"We are six in this little house, a sort of adjunct to the big one in whose grounds it



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stands, and we lead a quiet and happy reading-party sort of life with all the ordinary rustic pursuits. I have a fat and speedy nag all to myself, and I give him plenty to do."

The remainder of the party were Mr. Dalton, for whom, in spite of his disposition "to depreciate himself and others," Mr. Stephen had a great regard, and in whom he recognised a keen "interest about the welfare of Prince Albert. Victor and all that concerns him"; a "lively little Frenchman"; "a young aristocrat, whose father is the Earl of Strathmore, and a naval lieutenant kept on shore by a bad knee, both of whom are very pleasant, and have more brains than they take credit for."

In the same letter Mr. Stephen records that he had the honour of sitting next to the Prince of Wales at dinner (His Royal Highness was paying a flying visit to Sandringham), and that, after dinner, they

discussed the future career of the young Prince at length and in such a manner that Mr. Stephen was deeply impressed with the Prince's interest in his son's welfare.

Mr. Stephen also took a decided step towards what may be called the social preparation of the Prince for the University. With the sanction of Mr. Dalton, and, of course, of the Prince of Wales also, he contrived a preliminary introduction between the Prince and some of those who were to be associated with him at Cambridge later. Thus we find Mr. Stephen writing to Mr. H. F. Wilson, of Rugby School and Trinity College, Cambridge, to ask him to come to Sandringham, and saying, "If you came on Saturday (the letter is dated August 7th) you might meet Goodhart."

Both Mr. Wilson and Mr. Goodhart were afterwards brought into close companionship and friendship with the Prince, and friendship with the Prince was a thing which lasted

to the end of his young life. Mr. Wilson was a very elegant scholar, given to epigrams and verses in English, Latin, and Greek, fond of exercise in the open air, a genial and merry companion. Mr. Goodhart was a man almost as well known at Harrow and Winchester as at Eton, at Oxford as at Cambridge, as a scholar of the first water, a desperately hard worker, and a capital player of every English game. An encounter with him on the football field was, if a personal reminiscence may be forgiven, very much the same as a collision with a brick wall, and in the schools at Cambridge he attained the highest distinction.

So the brief interval which was to elapse before the beginning of the term at Cambridge passed pleasantly enough, yet not without profit, for if there were friends to be made and tennis to be played, there was also work to be done, and it was not shirked. Among the friends made at this time was

Mr. Cust, now a member of Parliament, a journalist, and Lord Brownlow's heir ; and a frequent visitor and friend at Sandringham, as at Cambridge later, was the Rev. Frederick Hervey, whose little church and rectory stand within the limits of the grounds.

At last the October term came, and it was but natural that a feeling of pleasurable excitement should run through Cambridge. This feeling was intensified when it came to be known that Prince Albert Victor's association with Cambridge was going to be more intimate and constant than that of his father had been. The Prince of Wales, during his stay at Cambridge, had lived at Madingley Hall, some three miles out of the town ; it was decided that his son should occupy rooms in Trinity College, where Dr. Thompson's notable reign was drawing to its close. Two sets of rooms were accordingly prepared in Nevile's Court. They were



what is known at Cambridge as “attics”—they would have been called “garrets” at Christ Church—that is to say, they were on the top floor of the last staircase at the left-hand side of Nevile’s Court as one faces the Library. On the ground floor at first was Mr. Henderson, a naval friend of the Prince, and later Mr. P. Bowes Lyon. Halfway up the staircase were the rooms of Professor Stuart.

The following description, by the hand of one who was contemporary with the Prince as an undergraduate, will serve to show those who do not know their Cambridge well what manner of place was this new habitation of Prince Albert Victor:—

“Nevile’s Court, in spite of the tasteless reparations of Essex, has a look of old-world dignity about it, with the great façade of Wren’s noble Library at one end, and the College Hall, from which two flights of shallow stone steps with balustrades descend to the level of the grass plot, at the other. It is

the chosen abode of dons and scholars, and seldom re-echoes the sound of undergraduate revelry, presenting in this respect a strong contrast to the adjacent New Court, where pianofortes are numerous and noisy, and a pleasant stir and bustle prevails both by day and by night."

Concerning that "pleasant stir and bustle," it may be observed that it characterises University life in every college in Oxford and Cambridge, and that views concerning its pleasantness have been known to differ on occasion. Be that as it may, it was undoubtedly agreeable to Prince Albert Victor to be the occupant of rooms in a court in which the spirit of quietness prevailed.

The Prince's rooms, though comfortably furnished, were not noticeably different from those of the ordinary undergraduate. Indeed, it is said that of the two sets of rooms those of Mr. Dalton were the brighter and the more interesting, ornamented as they were with

many mementoes of the cruise of the *Bacchante*, which cruise, within the walls of those rooms, was being gradually recorded by Mr. Dalton, whose task it was to prepare the journals of the Princes for publication.

In these days there was nothing except the old-fashioned silk gown of the fellow-commoner—the Prince never wore the gold tassel—and the privilege of escaping University examinations, a privilege properly accorded to his high rank, to distinguish Prince Albert Victor from his fellow undergraduates. His college tutor was Mr. Joseph Prior, one of the Senior Fellows of the society. Mr. Stephen continued to give him general advice as to his course of reading; and, besides this private tuition, he attended Professor Seeley's historical classes, and occasionally the excellent "Clark" lectures of Mr. Edmund Gosse on English Literature, in both of which he is known to have taken real pleasure.

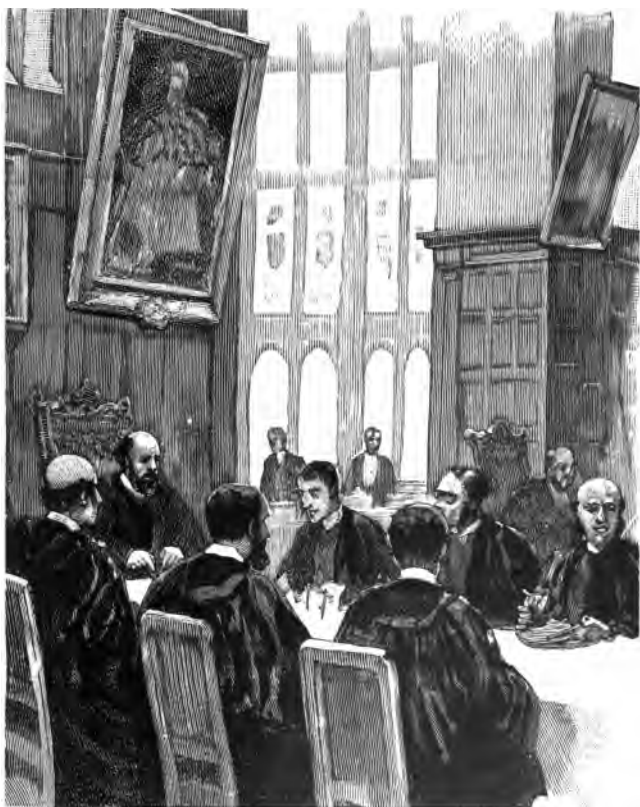
By the testimony of his contemporaries, Prince Albert Victor "did his daily work regularly and conscientiously, as he did everything, and showed a constant desire to make use of the advantages which the University offered to him." This expression of opinion may be taken to cover the whole of the Prince's University career, and, while it is undoubtedly true, is in very distinct opposition to a published statement that the Prince found the restrictions of University life irksome. For this statement there is no particle of evidence in fact; it has the appearance of a mere guess founded upon ignorance of the Prince's character and forgetfulness of his experience. Of a character naturally simple and docile, he had been trained in habits of strict discipline on the *Bacchante*; it was hardly likely that he should find the almost imperceptible discipline of Trinity College troublesome. On the contrary, all the evidence goes to show that

the Prince was, during his Cambridge career, a quiet and moderately industrious young man, who gave to his various teachers, amongst whom in the second year Mr. H. C. Goodhart and Mr. J. R. Tanner of St. John's were included, as little trouble as possible. Mr. Goodhart, it may be added, is now Professor of Humanity at Edinburgh.

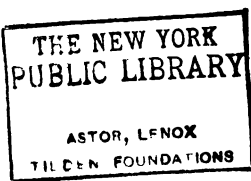
Socially, Prince Albert Victor may be said to have lived in two circles. He numbered among his acquaintance, of course, all the prominent members of the University at that time. He did not belong to those well-known University Clubs, the Pitt and the Athenæum, but he was a member of the A.D.C., and patronised its performances; he was fond of attending as a silent member at the Cambridge Union whenever any of his friends were speaking, and he was a most constant listener at all University concerts whether of orchestral or chamber music. He also joined the Cambridge University

Rifle Volunteers (which had not then been disguised, as they are now, under the title of a volunteer battalion of a regiment named after another county), and there is extant an excellent photograph of him in the familiar grey uniform of a member of the corps. This photograph was taken in October 1883, just after Prince Albert Victor had entered the University.

Such was Prince Albert Victor's outer life; his inner life was passed at first among the friends whom he had made at Sandringham, and later within a gradually widening circle of which those friends were the nucleus and the centre. In the selection of these friends some care was exercised, and an interesting photograph of the majority of them survives. In the centre sits Prince Albert Victor, as broad and square in the shoulders as any of the constituent units of the group; on his left hand is Mr. H. L. Stephen, on his right Mr. H. F. Wilson.



AT HALL, TRINITY COLLEGE. [To face p. 148.]





Immediately behind the Prince stands Mr. J. K. Stephen, smothered in a soft white hat, not to be divorced from his indispensable pipe, with a cheery smile upon his face. Mounted high above Mr. Stephen, apparently sitting on his shoulders, is Mr. J. N. Langley. Reclining on the ground in front are Mr. Dalton (he was not yet a Canon of Windsor), Mr. J. W. Clark, and Mr. Goodhart; the remaining members of the group are Professor Stanford, Mr. A. H. Clough, Mr. F. B. Winthrop, Mr. J. D. Duff, Mr. A. H. Smith, and Mr. H. B. Smith. By universal consent this fellowship of kindred spirits was one of the most delightful ever known; and those who have met many of the fellowship since will not hesitate to say that it was an assembly of brilliant wits no less than of pleasant men.

It was with the younger of these men, and a few more, that Prince Albert Victor was most closely associated. Their inter-

course was of the most friendly description, and its very friendliness was the cause of the warm tenderness for Cambridge which the Prince showed in later years. Among them were some, too, who were able to note the fact that Prince Albert Victor shared the general taste of the Royal Family for music, to join with him in picking out airs upon the pianoforte (an occupation of which he was extremely fond), and in listening with delight to the performances of Professor Stanford or other skilful players in the rooms in Nevile's Court.

One of the charms of life at Cambridge, and an advantage which is less easily to be obtained at Oxford, is to be found in the modest dinner-parties which bring men, whether Princes or commoners, into closer intimacy. It was by means of them, principally, that Prince Albert Victor's circle of acquaintance was enlarged. There lies under the writer's eye the rough diary of an under-

graduate, who will probably prefer to remain unnamed, which gives us the skeleton outline of some of these happy parties. The following are some gleanings from entries in 1883, deciphered as best may be, but with some difficulty, owing to the habit indulged in by the diarist of distinguishing men by initials written not in capital letters. For example, here is an entry :—

“*Nov.* 2.—dine with hrh, jekstudd, hcgoodhart, ronald, etc., to cust’s later.”

Of whist the Prince appears to have been fond, both as an undergraduate and in later life ; and it is recorded that he was an excellent player. We find him once playing with Mr. H. H. Turner, Mr. Dalton, and Mr. H. L. Stephen, and there are many other entries of a similar character.

Into society, in a quiet way, the Prince went with some freedom. Thus, on the 11th of December, we find him at a dinner-party in the rooms of Dr. Munro, the

great Latinist, whose edition of *Lucretius* commands an European reputation. Of this dinner-party one of the other guests writes: "It was delightful to witness the unaffected courtesy and deference which the Prince displayed to the older men, and especially to the distinguished scholar who was entertaining him. I can recall many other pleasant meetings of a similar kind, but this particular evening will always hold a definite place in my memory. Alas, that of the merry party no less than three should have passed away!—the host himself, his princely guest, and that kindest and most genial of men, the Vice-master, Mr. Edward Blore." Such another gathering, doubtless, was one at Professor Newton's, in Magdalene College, at which the Prince was present in March 1884; a lawn-tennis party at Mrs. Jebb's in May, of which it is recorded that "hrh plays better than he did;" a similar garden party at King's College in the same month;

while there were occasional "Sunday evenings" at Mr. Oscar Browning's. It was a quiet life enough, and a pleasant, with a little additional excitement, as was but natural and proper, towards the end of the May term. Thus, on the 9th of June, 1884, Mr. Joseph Prior gave a ball in honour of the Prince, many hundreds of people being present.

In the athletic world the Prince was no very prominent person. Like every other honest freshman, he went down to the river during the first few weeks of his career at the University to be coached in the art of rowing in fresh water, or, in other words, to unlearn all that he had learned in the *Britannia* and the *Bacchante*. But "tubbing" is far from being an exhilarating recreation, nor does it ever lead to excellence in rowing without much tribulation in the literal sense of the word, and the Cam is certainly not an enlivening river. Nevertheless, to the end of his short life the Prince

took a keen interest in the performances of the Light Blue crew before and after they made their annual appearance between Putney and Mortlake. Cricket and football the Prince did not play; but in the game of hockey, which under one name or another is almost if not quite as ancient as either, he took the keenest and most active part. He played often and well, and in after-years, upon being asked to become President of a newly formed Association, wrote thus to Mr. Wilson:—

“MARLBOROUGH HOUSE,

“PALL MALL, S.W.,

“*Feb. 10th, 1886.*

“MY DEAR HARRY,—I must apologise for having kept you waiting for an answer to your letter respecting the Hockey Association, but I was unable at the time you wrote to give you a definite answer, which I am now able to do. You must let the Association know that I was extremely flattered by

their wishing to make me President of the Association, which I am now able to accept. I always did, as you know, take a great interest in the game of hockey, and think it an excellent idea to start an Association, which is likely to make the game more popular. It seems a long time since I saw you last, and I am glad to hear that you have settled down to your reading at the bar, and before long I have no doubt we shall see you a prominent attorney. [*Note.*—A prince may be forgiven for not knowing that attorneys exist no longer, and that when they did exist they were not barristers.] But I daresay you must find it a bit dull working in harness. I am going down to Cambridge soon to be present at the opening of the New Union Building, which I have no doubt will be an interesting ceremony. I daresay you regret leaving Cambridge, in some ways, as much as I do, as I think, taking it all round, we had a very delightful

time there, and the two years spent there went by like lightning. I hope old Jim Stephen is very flourishing, and I have no doubt he is doing well, as a better man never existed. Well, my dear Harry, I am afraid I must close now, but will write to you again from Aldershot and tell you how I am getting on.

“ Believe me, ever

“ Yours very sincerely,

“ EDWARD.”

It has seemed well to give the whole of this letter because, apart from our present subject of athletics, it is delightfully friendly and characteristic; because it proves that Prince Albert Victor was not a man to forget his friends; because it shows more clearly than any words of description and statement by another could show the keen delight with which the Prince looked back in after-years to his Cambridge days and the Cambridge



companions. La crosse and lawn-tennis were also favourite pastimes of the Prince. For the rest he rode often in a quiet way, and often gave his friends a mount ; and, like many another man who has grown weary of rowing as a systematic and laborious pursuit, would frequently spend a pleasant summer evening with a friend upon the water among the beautiful surroundings of the " Backs."

So passed a delightful year of steady progress varied by interludes of gentle and modest pleasure, but saddened by one great sorrow ; for certain it is that the death of the lamented Duke of Albany, who had been no less beloved at Christ Church than Prince Albert Victor was at Trinity, whom Peckwater and Tom and Canterbury and Killcanon knew as well as Neville's Court was to know his nephew, produced an abiding feeling of sorrow in that nephew's mind. For the rest all was happiness.

The greater part of the vacation, when other men were making holiday, with or without the pretence of a reading-party, was spent by the Prince at Heidelberg with Professor Ihre; and at Heidelberg an excellent profile portrait of the Prince was sketched by Herr C. W. Allers. During this period an ode was sent by Mr. Wilson to the Prince, and, as it caused him no little amusement and pleasure, and, moreover, shows the terms upon which the Prince and his chosen friends lived, it is worth reproduction. It runs thus:—

“UPON my soul there lies a load  
 Of song, not sin—the promised ode.  
 By day these unproductive brains  
 Are cudgelled for befitting strains;  
 And when at eve I seek my bed,  
 Slumber deserts my weary head,  
 What time I turn and toss about,  
 And try to ‘beat’ my ‘music out.’  
 So now, Prince Edward, deign to take  
 These verses, fashioned for your sake

To wish you health and happiness,  
A shadow never growing less,  
Fine larks by day, sweet sleep at night,  
And undiminished appetite.  
I often wonder what you do  
Beneath those skies of 'Prussian blue';  
What joys and sorrows serve to chequer  
Your life beside the silvery Neckar.  
I seem to hear you reading Heine  
(No poet sure can be diviner),  
And catch the approving '*Das ist besser*'  
Of the benignant Herr Professor.  
I see you at a students' duel,  
Thinking the business tame and cruel;  
Now bathing there, now riding here,  
And now imbibing *lager-bier*.  
Whate'er your occupation be  
In sunny lands across the sea,  
We trust there reaches you at times  
The echo of St. Mary's chimes,  
That through the dark Teutonic trees  
You spy the roofs of 'King's' and 'Caius,'  
That western breezes oft recall  
The fragrant subtleties of Hall,  
While a thought-pilgrimage is made  
To Nevile's cool and cloistered shade.

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Now that I'm master of my Muse,  
You'd like, perhaps, to hear the news :  
It's dull enough, but then the 'Long'  
Is not provocative of song.  
We rise—a few of us—at six  
(A different hour *I'm* wont to fix);  
Breakfast at seven, or sometimes eight,  
Though that's considered rather late.  
A pipe discussed, the books come down,  
We fall into a study brown,  
And doze and wake and yawn, then munch  
(At one p.m.) a frugal lunch,  
Until the lengthening shadows grow  
Beneath the trees, when out we go  
To take or lose a shaky wicket  
At very unpretentious cricket ;  
Or scull a boat along the 'Backs';  
Or slowly jog on hireling hacks  
(Of action anything but free)  
To Trumpington and Madingley ;  
Or bathe in Byron's storied pool  
Like little boys let loose from school ;  
Or, stretched beneath the evening star,  
Inhale the fleeting, fair cigar.  
Our company is most select,  
But that, of course, you would expect ;

Goodhart was here for half a day,  
Then found it slow and rushed away ;  
Inches of unregarded dust  
Lie on the chairs of Harry Cust.  
We don't know what's become of Clough ;  
Benson's at Lambeth ; only Duff,  
And I, and half a dozen more,  
Remain to vote our life a bore.

\* \* \* \*

Excuse a postscript, to confess  
A crime that I've committed—yes,  
To-day—pray grant your pardon for  
This raid upon your royal door—  
I made burglarious entry vile and  
Took from your shelves the "Treasure Island."  
My brother wanted it to read,  
So please forgive the desperate deed.

\* \* \* \*

Your kitten broadens to a cat,  
And wonders what her master's at ;  
Is she to wait your Highness' will,  
And stay with Mrs. Jiggins still ?  
Or shall we pack her in a box,  
And send her off from London Docks ?

Meanwhile she slays the casual mouse,  
And dreams at night of Marlborough House.

\* \* \* \*

And finally a word we send  
To our Philosopher and Friend ;  
They say he's coming in July—  
We hope 'tis true, for, verily,  
We miss our mine of curious knowledge,  
And, when we get him back in College,  
We mean to drop a pinch of salt on  
The tail of Mr. J. N. Dalton.

\* \* \* \*

But '*Halt ! Genug !*' I hear you say,  
I've done, and wish my Prince good-day."

The end of the long vacation came and with it the beginning of Prince Albert Victor's second year at the University. Heidelberg had made no alteration in his warm affection for the friends whom he had made during his first year. We find him playing whist as before, playing hockey, going to see "Princess Ida" at the Theatre Royal, inviting Prince

George to meet his special friends at dinner at Trinity, and one of those friends writing, " Prince George is all that fancy painted him, a good-hearted, lively sailor."

Upon the 8th of the following January Prince Albert Victor came of age, and there was a great gathering at Sandringham at which some of the Prince's Cambridge friends were present, and delighted to find him as quiet, as kindly, and as simple as if he had been in his rooms or theirs at Trinity. At the beginning of the following term the Prince returned to Cambridge to pursue the round of life which had now become familiar to him. The notable event of the term was a visit of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales to Cambridge and to his son's rooms. There the Prince of Wales met some of his son's friends, one of whom records in his private diary the pleasure and the honour which he had of a short conversation with the Heir to the Throne, who, on that occasion,

had brought in his dog "by special permission."

Almost the closing scene of Prince Albert Victor's career at Cambridge as an undergraduate may be recorded in the words of one who was among the actors in it :—

" Another occasion of which I have a very distinct remembrance was in June 1885, just at the end of the Prince's second and last year at Cambridge. There had been a ball at St. John's Lodge—one of the most successful functions of a brilliant May week—and we had all danced till the sun was high in the sky and we could dance no more. Prince Albert Victor walked back to Trinity with my brother and myself and two or three other men, and, when we reached the Great Court, the charm of the fresh summer morning made the thought of bed impossible. It struck some one that it would be a good idea to turn into the Bowling Green (there were Fellows of the party) and have a final



cigar before we separated. In a day or two we should all be going down, some of us for the last time, and it seemed a pity not to see the thing out to the end. How clearly I recall the very sounds and scents of that delicious June day—the gay squealing of the swifts as they circled round the old towers, and the moist odours of the shaven turf at our feet. It was as though the quintessence of our happy life at Cambridge had been distilled into a golden cup and offered as a final draught to our regretful lips.”

It is ever thus. Boyhood flies away with its gladsome lightness of heart, its keen delight in innocent pleasure, its absolute irresponsibility. Then come the dawn of manhood at the University, the opening of new interests, the pleasures of new acquaintance, the freedom of mind and body. But the period of dawn seems, when we look back upon it, to have been all too short, and after it comes the full sunshine of the day of life,

in which all men must work and do their duty, in which, perhaps, more work, and more dreary work, falls to the lot of Princes than to that of men of humbler rank. Certain it is that when the time comes for bidding adieu to the University, for leaving the "walks under the gleaming garden trees," for the end of those delicious afternoons "of fresh air in the rain and the sun," the most delightful period of life recedes into the position of one of the pleasures of memory, which are, by comparison with the actuality, as the bowl of withered rose leaves, full of the faint fragrance of sometime sweetness, is to the bouquet of bursting blossoms freshly dipped in dew.

## CHAPTER VII.

### *PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR AS AN OFFICER.*

UPON the gentle life at Cambridge followed the initiation of Prince Albert Victor into a new kind of life, not less fascinating in its way than the various phases of life through which the Prince had passed before. The educational result of the experiences outlined in the foregoing chapters was that he whom the world regarded as certain to be King of Great Britain and Ireland in the distant future was possessed of a considerable store of the knowledge which becomes a king. He knew, as an undergraduate, the tone of conversation among men of highly cultivated and scholarly intellect. He had attained on board the

*Britannia* and the *Bacchante* a thorough, practical knowledge of life in Her Majesty's naval service ; he knew thus the conditions under which a naval officer works, and the sterling stuff of which naval officers are made ; and, as he had shown by trenchant criticisms animated by the spirit of common sense, he appreciated the difference between that part of our naval strength which is apparent only and that part of it which is real. Above all, he knew the characteristics and the people of the countries which go to make Greater Britain. He had fraternised with the Ceylon planter, with the Australian colonist and his brother of the Cape of Good Hope, he had seen the charm of the West Indies, and had been inspired by these scenes to form strong opinions as to the duties of England to her ancient possessions. Two experiences, and two only, were wanting to equip the Prince with princely knowledge. It is with the first of these that we must deal now.

Prince Albert Victor was to become a soldier in the true sense of the word. Neither he nor the Prince of Wales were men for half-measures, and the conscientious desire to do his duty which had animated Prince Albert Victor throughout the earlier stages of his career was equally manifest during his period of military service. From one lifelong friend he was to be separated. Mr. Dalton could not, in the nature of things, accompany him to Aldershot. It was felt that the period of tutelage was over, that the time had come when he must take his place in the world without the constant presence of the tutor who had watched, with devoted anxiety, his gradual development from childhood to manhood. So that learned and kindly man, Mr. Dalton, passes away from the scene, to retire shortly to his well-earned rest as a Canon of Windsor, but never to be forgotten by his sometime pupil, never to be remembered save with affection, often

to be consulted by the Prince when he stood in need of advice. For the future the Prince's associates were to be military men, Captain the Hon. A. Greville and, after he was married, Captain Holford ; both of whom in after-years accompanied the Prince to India.

High rank alone had been a sufficient reason why Prince Albert Victor should join a cavalry regiment of brilliant reputation ; his fine horsemanship was yet another reason. Concerning the choice of regiments there could hardly be a moment's hesitation ; certainly no better regiment could have been chosen than the Tenth Hussars, of which Field-Marshal His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, to give him his military title in a military connection, was Colonel.

It was on the 7th of June, 1885, that Prince Albert Victor was gazetted to the 10th Hussars, and the usual month of leave which every subaltern has before he joins was full of incident. On the 29th of the month the

Prince performed his first public function—accepting the freedom of the city of London at Guildhall. On the following day, attended by Lord Suffield and Captain Greville, who was to be his devoted companion for some time, the Prince went down to Sheffield to open the Cutlers' Exhibition ; and on the 1st of July he proceeded to Brocklesby on a visit to Lord Yarborough, the main object being that he should inspect the new sea defence works and the public gardens at Grimsby.

On the 6th of July the Prince and Captain Greville went down to Aldershot, and the Prince became an active member of a regiment second to none in point of reputation. The memoirs of that famous regiment have been collected by Colonel Liddell in a book dedicated to the Prince of Wales, the honorary Colonel ; and a sentence or two, founded upon those memoirs, may not be without interest here as showing the character

of the new set of traditions into which Prince Albert Victor was launched. The regiment, under the title of the 10th Dragoons, was raised by Brigadier-General Humphrey Gore, "an officer of repute and a staunch Protestant," in Hertfordshire and the adjoining counties, in pursuance of a warrant of George I. issued in 1715. The first great battle in which the regiment took part was Culloden. In 1758, the light troop, added to the regiment in 1756, took part in Marlborough's abortive raid upon St. Malo, Granville, and Cherbourg; and, in the following year, in the similar but rather more successful raid commanded by General Bligh. In the same year the regiment embarked for Germany, where, in the following year, it did good service in the battle of Minden. Excellent work was done by the 10th in 1760, in the battle of Warburg, in the battle of Camperdown, and at Kirch Denken, and in other operations. In fact there was



no regiment which won greater honour than the 10th during the Seven Years' War. In 1783, the title was changed to "the 10th or Prince of Wales's Own Regiment of Light Dragoons," and ten years later the Prince of Wales was, at his own request, appointed Colonel Commandant. Shortly after this Beau Brummell joined the regiment. In 1806, or perhaps in 1807, the regiment assumed the hussar equipment. In 1808 the 10th Hussars joined the British force under Sir John Moore in Spain, taking part in the actions of Sahagun and Mayorga and Benavente; but for some unknown reason, or for no reason at all, "the honour of bearing the names of these actions among its records has not been granted to the 10th." All through the retreat, indeed, the cavalry was valuable; but again, although the word "Corunna" was inscribed on the colours of the infantry regiments engaged in the campaign, no such honour was be-

stowed on any cavalry regiment. In 1813 the 10th returned to the Peninsula, and played a conspicuous part in the campaign of Vittoria, charging the French horse and routing them at Morales, and receiving the special commendation of Wellington, being present at the fall of Burgos, and taking a prominent part in the decisive battle of Vittoria. The 10th were present also at Sawroren, and at all the battles of the Pyrenees, at Orthez, and during the subsequent pursuit of the enemy, for which Major-General Lord Edward Somerset gave special thanks to the Colonel, and at Toulouse. In the events of 1815, also, the 10th had their share, being extremely useful on the two days preceding Waterloo, and taking active part in several stages of the battle of Waterloo. In particular the 10th made a memorable charge on the Imperial Guard, and another, near Hougoumont, on the Cuirassiers, and finally, as Limborne says,

not only breaking but piercing the enemy's centre, contributed greatly to the success of the British force. The 10th, after having visited India in the early fifties, were present during part of the Crimean campaign, and the word "Sebastopol" was added to the colours of the regiment. In Afghanistan, also, they did excellent service, and the words "Ali Musjid" and "Afghanistan" were accordingly permitted to be borne on the appointments of the regiment. At Aden, on the return journey to England, came orders for the Eastern Soudan; and there, at El Teb, the 10th did yeoman service, as at Tamaii; the names of both actions were inscribed upon one bar of the medal granted, and the regiment was permitted to bear the words "Egypt, 1884," on its appointments.

Such is the brief record of the regiment which Prince Albert Victor joined as a subaltern in July of 1885—a regiment full of

joyous life, but full also of soldierly spirit. The new subaltern was soon set to work. Every morning of his life he was at drill and in his riding-school from 6.30; and it is worthy of note that he was kept in the riding-school for six months. These days were otherwise devoid of incident. A fine of half a dozen of champagne for appearing on duty without a belt, dinner with this general or that, lawn-tennis at the Club, attendance at pony races, and so forth, are the things to be noted as distinguishing various days. On the 22nd of July the Prince attended the wedding of Princess Beatrice at Cowes; and on the following days he was present at a ball at Marlborough, and the pastoral play at Combe. Then, shortly, the regular regimental work began again, varied by polo and lawn-tennis. On the 14th of August comes the entry, "Attended drill under C.O. in the Long Valley—first time on parade." On the 18th

Prince Albert Victor seems to have been up in London, for he came down to Aldershot in the afternoon with the Prince of Wales, Prince George, and Colonel Wehrner, who were to inspect the Wellington Monument, then recently transferred from Hyde Park Corner. That evening the Prince of Wales and the rest of the party dined with Colonel Wood and the regiment, and on the following day the Prince of Wales inspected the regiment, lunching with the officers afterwards. Two days later Prince Albert Victor, with Colonel Wood, paid a flying visit to the Queen at Osborne; and then steady regimental work began again, to be varied by a visit from Prince George on the 5th of September, and one from that well-known and trusted friend, Sir Dighton Probyn, on the 7th. So matters proceeded until almost the end of November, when the Prince took four days' holiday, in the course of which he visited the Empress Eugenie at Farnborough,

dined with the Duke of Connaught at Bagshot, spent two nights at Marlborough House, and paid a visit to Cambridge. It was not until the 10th of December that he was dismissed from the riding-school.

During all this time Prince Albert Victor had been growing into the ways of his regiment, and had been developing gradually into a soldierly officer ; albeit at first he may have felt a little of that strangeness which almost invariably besets a new officer, and a little of that weariness which must be inseparable from repeated doses of the riding-school and drill. He had, it is said, a certain shrinking from the robust horseplay which has been known to exist among subalterns, although the 10th was about the last regiment in the world in which it was likely to be carried to excess. Still, the holiday of a month or more which followed these months of drill must have been passing pleasant. It was spent partly at Sandringham, partly at Burghley, where

there was shooting for three days, and dancing for three nights. Here the Prince planted an oak tree in front of the house, using a spade which the Queen had used. Then, after two nights spent at Sandringham, Prince Albert Victor performed a graceful and friendly act in coming up to London to attend Lord Airlie's last bachelor dinner at the Métropole and his marriage on the following day.

It was but a month before the Prince had joined the 10th that Lord Airlie had returned full of honour from Egypt, having been wounded both at Abu Klea and at Gubat, twice mentioned in despatches, and having received two clasps and a brevet majority. Shortly after this Prince Albert Victor, with the Prince of Wales and Prince George, paid a visit to Eaton Hall, and on the 1st of February he returned to his regimental duties. These went on in much the same way as before, being varied by an occasional

visit to London, a day with Mr. Garth's hounds, a visit to the Shire Horse Show at Islington, and so forth. Once, on the 24th of February 1886, there was a return to Cambridge, for the purpose of opening the new buildings of the Union Society. At another time, in March, there was a little tour in search of sport with the Bicester pack, which the Prince took fruitlessly, with Colonel Wood of the 10th—fruitlessly because frost put an end to hunting. This was but a short time before Colonel Wood retired on half-pay, and was appointed Inspector-General of Auxiliary Cavalry and second in command of the Cavalry Brigade at Aldershot. Colonel Wood was succeeded on the 1st of April by Colonel R. S. Liddell, to whom the Prince had been introduced already, and the Prince's regimental life continued upon the same regular lines. For variety we find such events as the acceptance of his freedom of the Goldsmiths'



Company, the subalterns' race at Aylesbury, where the 10th got very much the better of the Blues, the point to point race of the Royal Artillery, a dinner with the Danish Ambassador, and so forth. But there is plenty of evidence to show that regimental duties were not neglected. In April of 1886 the Prince took three weeks' holiday, which was not free from the interruption of ceremonial; and during the season generally there were many visits to London. Also, about this time, there was much duty done of the princely kind in attendance at State functions, at dinners, such as that of the Elder Brethren of Trinity House, in distributing prizes, and in like matters. In July the Prince took part in the "Cavalry Raid," carried out on Mr. R. Combe's ground at Pierrepont; and when July was merged into August there came some hard work at Aldershot, field-days under the Duke of Cambridge, duty as an orderly officer, attend-

ance at a feast of the non-commissioned officers, presentation of colours to the Buffs, and a hundred things besides ; and, as autumn was turned into winter, there was much shooting with Prince Christian, Lord Calthorpe, Sir H. Mildmay, and others.

Early in 1887 Prince Albert Victor went through his examination at the conclusion of the garrison course of instruction ; and in March, the 10th having moved to Hounslow, he was attached to the 3rd Battalion of the 60th at South Barracks. On the occasion of Her Majesty's Jubilee, however, he was promoted to be Captain in the 10th, and to be an aide-de-camp to the Queen ; and at York he entered heart and soul into his regimental life. There, on the 13th of September, Lieutenant-Colonel Viscount Downe succeeded Colonel Liddell, and there, in the year 1888, we find among the "Memoirs of the Tenth" the entry:—

“Captain the Hon. Alwyne Greville, 60th

Rifles, who had up to this time been Equerry to Prince Albert Victor, much to the regret of the 10th Hussars, retired from this position, and was succeeded by Captain George Holford, 1st Life Guards."

With Captain Holford as Equerry, the Prince "got on," to use the familiar phrase, as well as with Captain Greville. It was impossible that he should get on better. He was indeed singularly fortunate in his Equerries, and both of them mourn for him deeply.

Now it is no part of the present purpose, which is to trace the development and the manifestations of a Royal character, to follow step by step Prince Edward's career in the army, or to write, so to speak, a regimental history of a few years. Enough has been quoted to show that, whether at Aldershot, or at York, or at the Curragh, the Prince was no mimic soldier, but a man who took life seriously, and did his duty side by

side with others. Not less interesting than the chronicle of the Prince's daily doings is it to note the terms upon which he lived with his brother officers, the pursuits which he followed, the attitude which he adopted towards society, the spirit in which he learned and performed his military duties.

By his brother officers the Prince was greatly beloved for his kindly disposition, his unassuming modesty, his earnest simplicity of character. For display, for ostentation, for flattery, which is the most offensive form of insult, he had no inclination. It was his desire, on and off duty, to live the same life as his brother officers; and so we find him going out into society with them, hunting regularly, mounted to perfection and riding well, playing polo, entering horses for the regimental steeplechases, visiting the neighbouring houses, and so forth.

To his military duties, albeit disinclined by nature not so much to active exertion as

to the act of entering upon it, the Prince devoted himself without sparing, the result being that he became an excellent officer. Yet he had twice the ordinary man's temptation to idle away his time. But the truth of the matter is that the lounging officer, who declares his professional work to be a wearisome trouble, is now almost a thing of the past. There is not an ante-room at Aldershot, belonging to cavalry or line regiment, in which the lounge has not become an exception; there is hardly a mess at which it is not made plain that even the youngest subaltern takes a healthy interest in his men and in his "skipper." Unless the attempt to portray Prince Albert Victor's character has been signally unsuccessful hitherto, there will be no need for explanation of the statement that it was in no sense strange that he should become a typical example of the zealous young officer. But, if it was not strange, it was undoubtedly beneficial to the

service that so excellent an example should be shown by a young man of his high position, since, if it was worth while for a Prince of the blood, in the direct line of succession for the throne, to take the trouble to master his duties thoroughly, and to go through the drudgery of his profession, it was certainly not less worth the while of other men less highly placed. That the first few months in the army, whether it be in a cavalry regiment or a line regiment, are months of drudgery few men who have passed through them will be inclined to deny.

Prince Albert Victor's reputation for soldierly spirit need not rest solely upon general report, although it is to be observed that the uniform tenour of that report is in itself a remarkably significant fact. The world is not really censorious, the mass of men are not malevolent ; but there are plenty of loud-voiced mischief-makers, plenty of makers of malignant tittle-tattle, and if there

had been the smallest particle of evidence that the Prince was slothful or neglectful of his duties there are people who would not have hesitated to make the most of it. Nay, evidence would not have been necessary ; a rumour would have sufficed to set afloat stories of the most circumstantial nature, which would have been published with the full knowledge that the high position of any member of the Royal Family, while it renders denial or even notice impossible, makes cowardly assaults secure. It is, indeed, far safer to take away the character of a Prince than that of a tailor. Nor need the Prince's reputation as an officer rest solely on Captain the Hon. A. Greville's diary, for Captain Holford's journal, albeit interspersed with accounts of many a rattling run to hounds, and of many a pleasant visit to country houses, contains ample evidence to show that the Prince never shirked his duty.

A man may, however, do all things which

he would do, if he had professional zeal, out of mere conscientiousness and sheer sense of duty ; and it is only when his private feelings as to his profession are revealed that it is just to conclude that his work was done from love of his profession and not simply from a sense of obligation. The Prince's letters to his friends during his military career show most plainly that he was full of ardour. He had, more than perhaps any man in the army, the power, if he had chosen, to shirk this or that duty or avoid it.

Filled with interest in the progress of the institutions of which he had formed a part, there were occasions upon which, apart from his soldier's instincts, he would undoubtedly have liked to absent himself from his regiment for a day or two. But his letters make it clear that he would not allow himself to be distracted from his duty. Two invitations, one to attend a representation of "Twelfth Night" at Oxford, one to see the



University boat-race from Chiswick, clearly tempted him; he found that he could not accept either without neglecting his work, and, while he undoubtedly felt his disappointment, he resolved to deny himself. Does any man say this is a small matter? Let him think for a moment how easy it would have been for the Prince to reflect, "After all, my business in life is not to be a soldier, but a king. At any rate, my absence can make little difference."

The following letters, written at different periods of the Prince's military career, are plainly animated by that unspoken regard for duty, that spirit of doing the right thing without question because it was the right thing, which were the leading characteristics of the Prince whom we have lost. They represent, too, the sincere and simple thoughts of a friend, writing to a friend; their value, as evidence, is equal to their pathetic interest; it could not be greater.

The first was written in answer to a friend, who had suggested that the Prince might care to be present at a performance of "Twelfth Night" to be given by the Oxford University Dramatic Club. The friend was Mr. Wilson, who had obviously been asked to act as spokesman for a committee. It ran thus :—

"SOUTH CAVALRY BARRACKS

"(ALDERSHOT),

"*February 18th, 1886.*

"MY DEAR HARRY,—Many thanks for your letter, which I was very glad to get. I should have liked very much to go down to Oxford and see the 'Twelfth Night,' as you suggest, but I am afraid it is impossible just now, as I have so much to do, and am not able to get away much except on special occasions. Will you let the committee, or whoever they are, know how pleased I should have been to have come down and seen their new theatre, and thank them very much for their kind invitation? I suppose you will not be able to go down to Cambridge

for the opening of the new Union Buildings, but I trust I shall see you again some time. If you would care about it you might come down here some time during the spring or summer and see what sort of a life I lead here, as I could easily put you up. You have no idea what a lot we have to do, and I am sure it would interest you to see Aldershot. Excuse this short scrawl, but I am rather hurried to-day, being on duty.

“ Ever yours, very sincerely,

“ EDWARD.”

The next letter was written in answer to one enclosing some verses upon the Home Rule Bill.

“ SOUTH CAVALRY BARRACKS,

“ *May 25th*, 1886.

“ MY DEAR HARRY,—Many thanks for your letter, received this day week. I ought to have answered it before, but thought I would wait and see whether I could ask you down here this week, which

I am afraid to say I cannot do now, as I am going off to town to-morrow for the Derby and shall be away nearly all the week. But, if possible, next week may do, and I will let you know what day. I must appear very unwilling to have you down here; but you must not think so, as my plans are so unsettled just at present that I cannot find a day that will suit. But I will do my best about next week, so I hope you will not be disappointed. I have signed the photograph for your brother, which you asked me to do. I thought the poems you sent me very good, and they certainly do you great credit, as they are only too true.

“Yours,

“EDWARD.”

The excised portion alludes to a forthcoming meeting with Mr. Gladstone. This dinner at Mr. Gladstone's official residence in Downing Street was attended by Prince Albert Victor in due course, and after it he



South Cavalry Barracks

May 25<sup>th</sup> /86

My dear Harry,

Many thanks  
for your letter received  
this day week. I ought  
to have answered it  
before but thought  
I would wait and see  
whether I could ask you  
down here this week,  
which I am afraid to

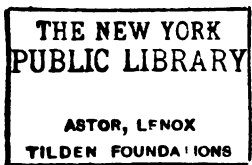
say I cannot do now as  
I am going off to town  
tomorrow for the Derby and  
shall be away nearly all  
the week. But if possible  
next <sup>week</sup> ~~may~~ do, and I will let  
you know within day. I  
must appear very sorry  
to have you come here,  
but you must not  
think so as my plans  
are so unsettled just at  
present, that I cannot  
find a day that will suit.

But I will do my best  
about next week, so I  
hope you will not be  
disappointed. I have  
signed the photograph  
for your brother which  
you asked me to do.

I thought the poems you  
sent me very good, and  
they certainly do you  
great credit as they are  
only fourteen. \* \* \*

So  
hoping to see you again  
before very long.

Yours  
Edward





went with His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales to a reception at the Foreign Office.

The next letter is interesting as showing the strenuous efforts which Prince Albert Victor made to keep up his intimacy with his friends, and the regret which he felt at losing sight of some of them.

"SOUTH CAVALRY BARRACKS,

"December 29th, 1886.

"MY DEAR HARRY,—I was very glad to hear from you again, as it is a very long time since we met. I am afraid it is the natural result after leaving college, as one sees so little of one's old friends. It has just struck me that, as I am going up to town to-morrow afternoon on some business—would you care to come and dine with me at the Club, as I shall not be returning here till after dinner? Will you telegraph to the Marlborough Club as soon as you receive this, and at which place I propose we should dine."

[The remainder of the letter is of a private nature.]

The next letter comes somewhat later in point of time, and refers to an accident, in the shape of an injured ankle, which kept the Prince confined to Marlborough House. It is, however, in its proper place among this group of simple letters, each one of which reflects as a mirror the gentle and kindly character of the Prince.

"MARLBOROUGH HOUSE,

"*November 1st, 1887.*

"DEAR HARRY,—I was very glad to hear from you again, as it is a very long time since we last met. Yes, I have been rather unfortunate to get laid up like this and at this time of year. [*Note.*—An injured ankle in November means the sacrifice of the best of the hunting and, perhaps, the best of the covert-shooting.] I did not exactly sprain my foot, but struck it going through a gate while out hunting last week down in

Northamptonshire. It did not hurt much at the time, but began to swell a day or two after, and I was obliged to go on to the sick list, and have been so for over a week, which is very tiresome, as I am not able to put my foot to the ground ; but I hope to be about again in a few days, as it is well on the road to mending.

“So you have taken a house for your people in the Isle of Wight for the winter. I hope Ventnor is a sheltered spot in winter, as you know parts of the island are very exposed at this time of year. I was at Cowes for a short time this summer, and had a delightful time of it, sometimes yachting, which I think very enjoyable on a fine warm day.

“I suppose you are aware Dalton is now the proud possessor of a son? I had the honour of being godfather, but was unable to be present, being abroad at the time. Directly I am able to get about again I am going up to York for the winter. I

have not stayed there before, but I believe it is a very nice old town, and I hope to get some shooting and hunting in the neighbourhood. Hoping we may meet again some time,

“ Believe me,

“ Yours very sincerely,

“ EDWARD.”

Similarly appropriate as forming part of the group are the two following letters:—

“SETTRINGTON HOUSE,

“ *February 28th.*

“ DEAR HARRY,—I was very glad to hear from you again, and it is very good of you to think of asking me to come to your place to see the boat-race from. I should be delighted to do so, for it would be very nice to meet some of our old Cambridge friends again whom I have not seen for a long time.

“ But the question is whether I shall be in town then or not at the end of March, for if I am not I fear I shall be detained at York

then by my duties with my regiment. But I had better let you know again for certain a little later on, if that would be the same to you.

“We are having it very cold here still, and there has been more snow the last few days. I am staying here, where one feels the effect of the east winds pretty freely, as it is on the Wolds, which are a certain height up, and the highest hills in Yorkshire.

“In spite of the weather, I had several good days’ hunting last week. Hoping I shall be able to come,

“Ever yours,

“Very sincerely,

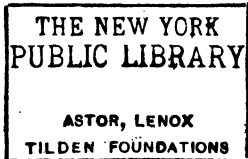
“EDWARD.”

Prince Albert Victor denied himself the pleasure which he would evidently have taken in seeing the University boat-race from Mr. Wilson’s house at Chiswick. We find him writing from York :—

"CAVALRY BARRACKS,

*"March 26th.*

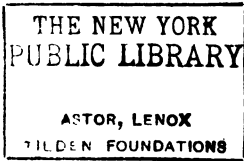
"MY DEAR HARRY,—I put off writing to you before in the hope of still being able to give a favourable answer. But I now find, very much to my regret, that I shall not be able to get away for next Saturday, which is very tiresome, for I should have much enjoyed paying you a visit at Chiswick and seeing some of my old friends again. If it had only been last Saturday I might have managed it, for I was in town for five days ; that is the chief reason why I am unable to get away again just for the present, and have a certain amount of work to do here. I hope, at any rate, you will have a pleasant day for it, and I shall think of you all when the time comes. I met the C——s the other day, and thought her extremely nice, and think him a very lucky man at having secured so charming a lady for his third wife. I think you



was done some time ago  
The money given sent me I am  
much obliged although I have  
not heard them played yet  
for Villers Stanford always  
writes such pretty music  
By the way have you heard  
Sullivan's new opera yet, for  
I have not, and believe it is  
very fine & thanks for saying  
after my sequence have



luckel quite sound again; but  
it took some time, for I had  
strained the muscles in my  
shoulder rather badly by a  
pull out hunting. However I am  
now more fortunate lately. I am  
sorry you say Cambridge has not  
a good crew this year, but perhaps  
they may pull round in time  
and give Oxford a hammer which  
I much hope they may.  
Ever yours very sincerely  
Edward.



will agree with me when you see her. As we are not able to meet next Saturday, I hope you will come and dine with me some evening when I am in town again, and go to the play, and we shall be able to talk over old times, as we have not met for so long.

“ Ever yours,

“ Very sincerely,

“ EDWARD.”

It was at York that the Prince allowed Mr. W. B. Hayes, an artist in the service of *Vanity Fair*, to wait upon him for the purpose of taking his portrait ; and Mr. Hayes, having presented a picture of Windsor to the Prince, received the following letter of thanks :—

“ SANDRINGHAM,

“ NORFOLK,

“ Nov. 26th.

“ DEAR MR. HAYES,—I have to thank

you very much for the pretty picture of Windsor you have been good enough to do for me. I shall hang it up in my room, where it will do very well. I always wanted a good picture of the Castle, for I am extremely fond of Windsor, and think it is the finest building in England, if not in the world. I think you will agree with me. Yes, I am sorry the picture you did of me did not turn out better in *Vanity Fair*; but I suppose it was owing to the printing that they did not make a better likeness, for I thought the original one very good. My brother, whom you say you would like to draw, thinks at present he will not have time for a sitting, but perhaps at some later date you may have an opportunity of drawing him.

“ Believe me,

“ Yours, very truly,

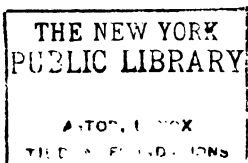
“ EDWARD.”

These letters give a very complete indi-



PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR IN THE UNDRESS UNIFORM OF  
THE 10TH HUSSARS. [To face p. 200.]

*(From a Sketch by W. B. Hayes.)*



cation of the state of Prince Albert Victor's feelings during the time when he was a working officer in Her Majesty's army, and, as it is no part of the present purpose to reproduce the information contained in the Court Circular from day to day, they may be left to speak for themselves, with two additional observations to the effect that the Prince was not only personally beloved by the officers and men of his famous regiment, but also held in high esteem and regard by the acquaintances whom he made at York.

Two public occasions upon which the Prince was present, in one case as a leading figure, and one more valuable experience which he passed through, may well close this chapter.

In the pageant and the solemn ceremony which celebrated the jubilee of the Queen's happy reign—for it has been a supremely happy period in the history of the Kingdom and the Empire—Prince Albert Victor took

his part. His youthful but well-knit figure, his excellent horsemanship, his smart and soldier-like appearance, attracted general attention.

His place in Westminster Abbey, when the groups of Princes and Princesses were arrayed near the Queen, was in the third row with the Grand Duke Serge of Russia, Prince Henry of Prussia, and Prince George of Wales.

To quote the words of a contemporary writer, "A noble picture it was, one that has never been equalled in this country, and the like of which no eye that has rested upon it may hope to see again." It was a noble occasion also, and one upon which the gathering of the Royal heads of Europe was so completely beyond parallel as to be worthy of being placed upon record.

The following is the list of Her Majesty's guests on the occasion :—His Majesty the



King of Denmark, His Majesty the King of the Belgians, Her Majesty the Queen of the Belgians, His Majesty the King of Saxony, His Majesty the King of the Hellenes, His Imperial Highness the Crown Prince of Austria, His Imperial and Royal Highness the Crown Prince of Germany, Her Imperial and Royal Highness the Crown Princess of Germany, Her Royal Highness Princess Victoria of Prussia, Her Royal Highness Princess Sophia of Prussia, Her Royal Highness Princess Margaret of Prussia, His Royal Highness the Crown Prince of Portugal, Her Royal Highness the Crown Princess of Portugal, His Royal Highness the Crown Prince of Sweden, His Royal Highness the Duke of Sparta, His Royal Highness the Infante of Spain, Don Antonio, Her Royal Highness the Infanta of Spain, Doña Eulalia, His Imperial Highness the Grand Duke Serge, Her Imperial Highness the Grand Duchess

Elizabeth, His Royal Highness the Grand Duke of Hesse, Her Grand Ducal Highness Princess Irene of Hesse, Her Grand Ducal Highness Princess Alix of Hesse, His Royal Highness the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, Her Royal Highness the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, His Royal Highness the Hereditary Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar, His Royal Highness the Hereditary Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, Her Royal Highness the Hereditary Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, His Royal Highness the Duke of Coburg, His Royal Highness the Duc d'Aosta, His Royal Highness Prince William of Prussia, Her Royal Highness Princess William of Prussia, His Royal Highness the Hereditary Grand Duke of Hesse, His Royal Highness Prince Henry of Prussia, His Royal Highness Prince Ludwig of Bavaria, His Highness the Hereditary Prince of Saxe-Meiningen, Her Royal High-

ness the Hereditary Princess of Saxe-Meiningen, His Royal Highness Prince Philip of Saxe-Coburg, Her Royal Highness Princess Philip of Saxe-Coburg, His Highness Prince Hermann of Saxe-Weimar, His Grand Ducal Highness Prince Louis of Baden, His Royal Highness Prince George of the Hellenes, His Serene Highness the Prince of Leiningen, Her Grand Ducal Highness the Princess of Leiningen, His Serene Highness Prince Louis of Battenberg, Her Grand Ducal Highness Princess Louis of Battenberg, His Serene Highness Prince Hohenlohe-Langenburg, Their Serene Highnesses Prince and Princess Edward of Saxe-Weimar, His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, His Royal Highness Prince Albert Victor, His Royal Highness Prince George, His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh, Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Edinburgh, His Royal Highness

the Duke of Connaught, Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Connaught, His Royal Highness Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, Her Royal Highness Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, His Christian Highness Prince Victor of Schleswig-Holstein, Her Highness Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, Her Royal Highness Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, the Marquis of Lorne, Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Albany, Her Royal Highness Princess Beatrice, Princess Henry of Battenberg, His Royal Highness Prince Henry of Battenberg, His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, His Serene Highness the Duke of Teck, Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Teck, Her Serene Highness Princess Victoria of Teck, His Highness Prince Frederick of Anhalt, and His Highness Prince Ernest of Saxe-Meiningen.

The constitution of that illustrious group of the Queen's relatives was committed to

canvas by a faithful painter and exhibited at the Victorian Exhibition. But none can look upon that picture now without feeling a sharp pang of sorrow at the thought that two prominent figures, those of the smart young soldier in the window and the stalwart German Prince in white uniform, have passed away from the scene of life and live in the memory only.

Cambridge was the scene of the second of the occasions referred to in this chapter. Prince Albert Victor was, as has been explained, free from the necessity of passing the examination at Cambridge; but it was only right that the University which had been honoured by his presence should honour him in return by conferring upon him her highest honorary degree. Hence came it that on the 8th of June, 1888, "Scarlet Day" at Cambridge was more brilliant than usual.

The writer was present; he remembers well

the brightness of the sunshine, the seething crowds, the difficulty of obtaining an entrance into the Senate-house, and, no small testimony to the public interest, the comparative scantiness of the attendance upon the ground where the Australian Cricketers were showing their skill. They were indeed an illustrious company upon whom the degree of LL.D. was conferred *honoris causâ*. First came Prince Albert Victor, then the Marquis of Salisbury, worthy representative of a family of statesmen, then the Earl of Selborne, an ex-Lord Chancellor and a learned champion of the Church of England, then the Earl of Rosebery, a statesman of no mean ability and of undoubted patriotism, and, recent events have shown, an able writer; then that political star of eccentric orbit, Lord Randolph Churchill. After him came Lord Acton and Lord Rayleigh, and then that master of pure eloquence and exquisite language, that man

of honest passion and genuine feeling, John Bright. For the moment, amid the thunderous plaudits of the Senate-house, John Bright's famous words were forgotten ; but they were true then as always. The angel of death was hovering over the land then ; all too soon the angel would close its wings and stoop upon the youthful Prince who bore his robes with such gentle dignity, upon the veteran statesman who had given the picture of the angel, painted in words of fire, to a wondering world, and upon Mr. Raikes, then Postmaster-General and soon to be Chancellor of St. Asaph, who was one of the group.

Other members of the group were Mr. Goschen and Mr. Arthur James Balfour, who are among us still, Lieutenant-General Sir Archibald Alison, Professor Stokes, Sir Frederick Abel, Professor Cayley, and Professor Adams. Afterwards there was dinner in the Hall at Trinity, at which

the Prince was present, and a reception in the drawing-room of the Master's Lodge.

The faithful Mr. Wilson was ready with a congratulatory ode in his best manner:—

TO H.R.H. PRINCE EDWARD OF WALES,

ON HIS TAKING HIS LL.D., JUNE 8TH, 1888.

“FIVE years ago! and yet to me  
It seems as if 'twere yesterday,  
And I am now a staid M.A.,  
And you, Sir, are an LL.D.

Five years ago—we rode, we read,  
Boated, played hockey, whist, La crosse,  
Listened to *Seeley*, laughed with *Gosse*,  
And went at shocking hours to bed.

O days of gold! O sunny prime,  
Wherewith no season may compare!  
What words can paint a scene so fair?  
How may I render into rhyme

The subtle charm of lawns and trees,  
Of lichen'd walls and chapels dim,  
Of pictured saint and soaring hymn,  
Of that high carnival of ease,



And health, and loyal friendship free,  
When *England's* best and brightest meet  
For blameless mirth and converse sweet  
Within the courts of *Trinity*?

'Tis gone! the friends are scattered far,  
And one is scorched with *Indian* suns,  
And one is blest with dogs and guns,  
And one is slaving at the Bar.

But you, the Prince of this dear Isle,  
The loftiest destiny awaits,  
To see yon realm's unnumbered States  
Conjoined in one. May Heaven smile

Upon that great, that glorious aim!  
And like her *Edwards* Third and First,  
May you, for England's weal athirst,  
Add lustre to a royal name."

This was, so to speak, Prince Albert Victor's final farewell to Cambridge, to the scenes amongst which he had spent quiet and happy days.

We may look upon him next, but for a moment only, as an honoured guest upon the occasion of the marriage of his first cousin,

Prince Constantino, Duke of Sparta, to Princess Sophia of Prussia, also his first cousin. At Athens, indeed, the Prince seems never to have lost an opportunity of staying. We have seen him there before this occasion ; we shall see him there again before the last of these pages is written. But for us there is no time to linger, for after the wedding festivities and the great meeting of the family and connections of the Prince and Princess of Wales in Greece came a prolonged episode in the career of Prince Albert Victor, which was of perhaps greater interest than any other in his experience. To that episode, however, a special chapter must be devoted.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### *THE INDIAN EXPEDITION.*

IT is surely permissible to say that the idea of sending Prince Albert Victor upon a long tour through that important part of the British Empire which he had missed, so to speak, during the cruise of the *Bacchante*, was conceived in the happiest of moments. Englishmen, as a rule, will not take the trouble to understand India; the reason being not that they cannot master the problems which it presents, but that, as the empty benches of the House of Commons confess every year, they are wearied by Indian affairs. Yet a visit to India, more or less prolonged—and in proportion to the brevity of the tour is the confidence with

which the returned traveller expresses his opinions—is becoming part of the training of a statesman, and the equivalent of the grand tour of the last generation. If, however, such an expedition is of value to the politician, since it is better to know a little than to know nothing at all, it is of double value as part of the training of a king, for, as the Prince of Wales had learned during his Indian tour, and as his eldest son was to learn, the beneficial results of such a tour are not confined to the tourist. No compliment is appreciated more highly by subjects than a Royal visit. This was conspicuous on the occasion of the tour of the Prince of Wales ; it was manifest during the tour of Prince Albert Victor ; it has been clear even in districts of this country, as it was, for example, when Her Majesty visited North Wales a few years ago. Equally, of course, must such a tour be of advantage to one who is being educated for the

supreme position in the Kingdom and the Empire, for no man can rule wisely a great congeries of races which he has not seen, which are to him nothing more than a name and a number.

Moreover, as the Archduke Franz Ferdinand of Austria found during his recent expedition, there is no place in the world where the arrangements for the entertainment of a Royal visitor are made upon a scale of such magnificence, or in which those arrangements work so smoothly, as in India. As it was but a few months ago in the case of the Archduke, so it was in the case of Prince Albert Victor. No receptions could have been more cordial and more gorgeous in their ceremony, no entertainments more magnificent, no fireworks—and Indian fireworks are the wonder of the world—more strikingly picturesque. Nor could grander sport have been obtained than Prince Albert Victor enjoyed, whether, under the able

guidance of the late Mr. Sanderson, he was watching the capture of wild elephants, or, as the guest of a Maharajah, he was the hunter of tiger, Indian lion, or lordly sambur. For these reasons some particularity will be shown in following the history of the Prince's Indian tour, in spite of the fact that the ground has been trodden before; and the apology for that particularity is to be found in the full and accurate diary of events from day to day, kept by Captain Holford, which has been, with infinite kindness, placed at the disposal of the writer.

The Indian expedition may be said to have begun precisely at the point when the Princess of Wales, the Empress Frederick, and Princess Maud of Wales said good-bye to Prince Albert Victor, who was going away for many months, and to the Prince of Wales, who was about to pay a visit to Egypt and to Prince George. The scene was that of the first and best of naval

histories, the exquisite Gulf of Athens ; the hour was as nearly as possible one o'clock in the day ; the day was the 28th of October. For two hours the *Osborne*, with a company on board of the most illustrious character, had steamed upon her course escorted by the whole fleet, and then she went in close to the land. This was the moment of farewell, for now the Princess of Wales and Princess Maud, attended by Colonel Clarke, passed from the *Osborne* to the Admiral's ship, and the *Osborne* started without any delay for Port Said.

On the 31st we find the Royal party at Port Said, which left for Ismailia at ten o'clock in the morning. At Port Said, too, Prince Albert Victor met Sir Evelyn Baring and Sir Edward Bradford, V.C., now Chief Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police Force, with whom he was to spend many happy days, by whom he is now remembered with the warmest affection and regret. At

Ismailia there were to be more good-byes, for there was the *Oceana*, in which the rest of the journey by sea was to be accomplished, and there the Prince of Wales, who was going to Cairo himself, said farewell to his son. He left him in the pleasantest of companionship. Amongst those on board the vessel were Lord and Lady Claude Hamilton, Sir H. and Lady Morland, Captain Alwyne Greville, who had been the Prince's constant companion when he first entered the service, Colonel Marshall, Miss Pearson, Mr. Kenneth Wilson, Mr. Mitchell Innes, Mr. and Mrs. Grenville Vernon, Sir J. W. M'Queen, who commanded the Black Hill expedition, Sir Charles Petheram, Chief Justice of Calcutta, and General Truell. Those in immediate attendance on the Prince were Captain Holford, Sir E. R. Bradford, and Captain Harvey. The Prince had two cabins knocked into one for his own use, and when the heat was oppressive slept in



the captain's deck cabin. And, for the most part, the heat was oppressive. But on that first evening, when the great vessel steamed through the Canal, with the mysterious desert instinct with ancient memories on either side, with the glow of the electric light to remind her passengers of the present, and with the clear moon shining above, as it had shone upon Joseph and upon Moses, upon dynasty after dynasty of monarchs, upon generation after generation of toiling slaves, the scene must have been, and indeed clearly was, of unsurpassable beauty.

It was, as is by no means unusual, terribly hot in the Gulf and in the Red Sea; the very water in the baths was quite hot; but this did not prevent the Prince, even after he had received General Hogg and other officers at Aden, to say nothing of a deputation of Parsees and Jews, who presented the inevitable address, from enjoying a concert on board ship in the evening, at which Lady

Morland's singing was very much admired. One banjo-player also came in for approbation ; he was not, however, the only banjo-player. Amusements were of the mild character which is usual on board ship. There were daily lotteries on the ship's run—that of Wednesday, November 6th, was won by Captain Holford ; and on the following day came the entry, “ Made a lot of noise in the afternoon,” and a note of another concert. Altogether, to use the form of sentence which Carlyle affected, a pleasant little voyage, which came to an end on the 9th of November, when the *Oceana* reached Bombay at nine in the morning. There pomps and ceremonies began. At ten o'clock the Duke of Connaught, Lord Reay (the Governor of Bombay), and Captain Hext (Director of Marine), came on board ; and when the Prince went ashore there were addresses, streets lined with troops, and so forth ; but all this was not for long, for the stay in Bombay extended over but

a couple of hours, and then the Royal party left for Ganesh Khind, where, after a full dress dinner, sundry native Princes were received, amongst them being the Rajah of Kolapore.

The following day, Sunday, was a day of planning for Captain Holford and Sir E. R. Bradford. While the Prince—who had listened with the Duke and Duchess of Connaught to a sermon by the Bishop of Bombay in the morning—was on the river with Captain Harvey in the afternoon, Sir E. Bradford and Captain Holford were engaged in laying the plans of the tour.

At Poona the Prince stayed for four days as the guest of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught at Magdala House. On the first of these days the Prince saw tent-pegging by the bodyguard, held a Durbar at half-past two, rode with the Duke and Duchess of Connaught to see a temple (the steed being an elephant which took fright and stopped), and “ afterwards drove for two

hours through the town at Poona, which was illuminated, and arrived at Magdala House, the Duke of Connaught's, about seven, after having been covered with garlands about a dozen times. Big dinner in mess dress at 8.30." The illuminations were splendid, and the reception given by the natives was "most enthusiastic." But the whole day must have been exhausting, nor could the next, which included a review of six thousand troops, luncheon at Magdala House, a visit to a gymkhana, dinner at 8.30, and a ball at Ganesh Khind, have been exactly restful. The next day there was polo in the morning, and in the evening the party, including Lord and Lady Claude Hamilton, Captain the Hon. and Mrs. Alwyne Greville, Mr. Caton Woodville, Captain Edwards, and Surgeon Jones, went to Hyderabad, where the splendour of the reception accorded by the Nizam was beyond description. One may imagine, however, that the Prince, keen sportsman as

he was, enjoyed his next day more. "There were," says Captain Holford, "about fifty beautiful horses for us to choose from"; and on this day the Prince had the pleasure of seeing a cheetah catch a deer, and of bringing a black buck down with his own rifle. This was early in the morning; in the evening came "snipe-shooting with Assur Jung on elephants." On the following day there was tent-pegging, in which the Nizam himself took two pegs.

From Hyderabad the party, joined by Mr. C. Vincent (brother of Sir Edgar Vincent and Colonel Howard Vincent), went to Madras, where Lord Connemara, as Governor, presided over the ceremonies of reception; amongst others who were present at one time and another being Sir Charles Arbuthnot (Commander-in-Chief) and Lady Arbuthnot, and Sir Arthur Collins (Chief Justice of Madras), of whom the Western Circuit mess cherishes the kindest memories.

Let us pass by the pomps and ceremonies of Madras, and follow the Prince to Mysore, where there were more ceremonious welcomes, sincere but tedious in the repetition, and where the Englishmen were all painfully impressed, as all true Englishmen must be, by the sight of the dungeon in which Tippoo confined his English prisoners. It was near Mysore, in a camp in the Billigarumgun Hills, that the Prince saw, under the best of guides, Mr. Sanderson, a drive of elephants into a kheddah. Mr. Sanderson, an excellent all-round sportsman now, unfortunately, dead, was, as is well known, the inventor of this system of elephant-catching. Here follow two entries which may be quoted as they stand.

“ *Wednesday, 27th November*: Kheddah Camp.—H.R.H., with Sanderson, Morris, and Bradford, started from upper camp early on elephants after bison. After some time H.R.H. got a shot at a bull facing him. He

hit it, and it went off; they tracked it for some time, but did not get it. In the evening they walked down to the kheddah to watch the tying up. The rest of us at the lower camp did nothing in the morning, but about the middle of the day rode up to the kheddah—an old female, very savage, kept on charging. Harvey and Colonel Grant started very early in the morning to try and find a solitary tusker about six miles off. They came upon him, and followed him for several hours, being more than once close to him, but failed to get a shot."

"*Thursday, 28th*: Kheddah Camp, Mysore. —H.R.H. and party got to our camp about 10 o'clock. We were all photographed; H.R.H. with Sanderson on his bullock cart. Started back to Mysore at 12; got in at 7.30. Heard that three tigers had been marked down about twenty miles from Mysore—too late to go after them."

Such was the life of these days, pleasant enough, but hard, and in the middle of it Captain Holford was laid up for a while with fever and chill and nausea. And now let me endeavour to sum up the ceremonial events of many days in a few sentences, indicating merely the principal places visited. From Mysore the Prince went to Bangalore, from Bangalore through Trichinopoly and Madras (where the Prince would have stopped to open a bridge if there had not been an outbreak of cholera) to Tinnevely, from Tinnevely to Courtallum, and thence by road to a camp in the hills of Travancore. Here, although there was an army of five hundred beaters, and the forest had been preserved strictly, the only shot fired—and that killed a young sambur—was fired by the Prince. Nor does the elephant-hunting of the next day appear to have been more successful.

For all that these days in the Travancore



Hills were full of breezy pleasure. On the next of them, on Friday, Captain Holford drove a party, of which the Prince was one, thirteen miles in a waggonette, "through a most splendid forest," upon a road which no four-wheeled carriage had traversed before, and at the end of the drive a ride of eight miles brought them to a camp at the top of the hills, and to ground which ought by right to have held bison. But a royal tiger, no respecter of persons, had been before them, and they found nothing except fresh tracks of bison and tiger. On the next day the Prince, Mr. Bensley, and Captain Holford were more fortunate, for they came upon a fine bull, and Captain Holford describes the sequel thus :—

"After a mile and a half of tracking we came upon the bull in some thick jungle. I saw him about thirty yards off before H.R.H. did, and covered him with my rifle. H.R.H. fired, and the bull fell. He fired

again, and so did Bensiey. The bull plunged on his head towards (us?). I put a .500 bullet into his head, and we then fired about six more shots into him, until he was quite dead. Magnificent bull, 19 hands high; 6 ft. 2 in. measured to halfway between the hump on the neck and the high ribs of the back. Span of horns  $34\frac{1}{2}$  inches."

On the same evening the track of an immense tiger was found, the diameter of the pug being nine inches, but the tiger himself was not found. The little expedition ended in drenching rain. Upon it followed a pleasant day at Tinnevely, where the Prince, after visiting the Christian school, saw Nautch girls and jugglers in the evening.

Passing through Trichinopoly, the Royal party came to Guindy, where, beside all manner of entertainments, the Prince and Captain Holford had an excellent day's snipe-shooting, killing forty-six couple to their two guns. And now the end of the Madras visit

had almost come. On Monday, the 16th of December, the Prince and his suite embarked upon the *Kistna* for Rangoon. The weather in the Bay of Bengal was abominable, and Captain Holford records its effects with much humour, complaining bitterly of the "French cook on board, who will send up nothing but the richest of made dishes," which must have been aggravating when the vessel was in the middle of a bursting monsoon, and touched the tail of a cyclone. On the third day the weather was better, but the note made was, "Party still very small, but able to feed a little." On the whole, noon on the 20th of December, when the *Kistna* reached Rangoon, must have been a welcome hour.

Both at Rangoon and Mandalay the Prince was received with full honour and high enthusiasm ; and it is pleasant to think of him, with his suite, attending Divine service on Christmas Day, in the palace which had been King

Theebaw's, where the communion-table "covers the king's throne, which is surmounted by a pinnacle, and is called the centre of the universe." The next day was busy ; there was snipe-shooting in the morning (twenty-six couple), a garden-party, at which the entertainment consisted of boat-races and tugs-of-war by men and women, and a dinner-party. After this the Royal party went by rail down to the river, and embarked upon the SS. *Brelloo*, lent by the Irrawaddy Flotilla Company, for some days on the Irrawaddy. The party consisted of Prince Albert Victor, with Sir E. Bradford, Captain Holford, and Surgeon Jones, Mr. Edwards, Mr. Coxon, Mr. Soppett (Superintendent of the Company), Mr. Kennedy (Manager), General Steadman, Lord C. Hamilton, the Bishop of Rangoon, and Mr. Greenstreet.

Two days later took place the "Thayetmyo Royal Visit Races," of which Captain Holford

has preserved the programme. It is a curiosity in its way, and runs thus :—

THAYETMYO DERBY. *One Gold Mohur.*  
Four Furlongs.

1	Moung Hpokin's	g. b. p.	Kakatit	Moung To Aung
2	Oo Taik Gyi's	b. b. m.	Mambyan	„ Go Gyi
3	Moung Hpokin's	c. b. p.	Padongma	Hasheen
4	Ooney Doon's	b. b. p.	Hantha	Moung Sang Doon
5	Mr. Radcliff's	b. b. p.	Faughaballagh	„ Po Tu

THE EMPRESS CUP. Three Furlongs.

1	Moung Hpokin's	bk. b. m.	Tandwin Malay	Owner
2	Hpo Oo's	c. b. m.	Seing Doak	Owner
3	Chouk Pyone's	g. b. p.	Doung Mee	Owner
4	Oo Taik Gyi's	b. b. p.	Moodah	Moung To Oung
5	Mr. Radcliff's	w. b. p.	Shaughraun	Moung Go Gyi
6	Mg Gyi's	g. b. p.	C. Ist	Owner

Truly Englishmen are irrepressible, and carry their love of sport with them wherever they go. Less than five years before this these sporting owners, except Mr. Radcliff, had been subjects of King Theebaw—unless, indeed, Ooney Doon was an Irishman, unless

Hpo was the racing name of an English chemist, unless Hpokins was simply Hopkins in disguise—and now here they were put down on an English race-card, with the familiar abbreviations of the English turf as a description of their horses, contending for the blue ribbon of the turf in Thayetmyo. With this card, which may appear trivial to some, but which is really full of interest as showing the all-pervading strength and impressing power of our national tastes, Captain Holford's first volume comes to an end.

The next entry (Jan. 4th, 1890) shows us the Prince at Calcutta, driving to the Ballygunge steeplechases in Lord William Beresford's coach, seeing that indefatigable member of an indefatigable family win a pony race, and dining later at Government House. On the same day the Prince, with Sir E. Bradford and Captain Holford, called upon Sir S. Bayley, the Lieutenant-Governor, at the Belvedere, and upon Sir Frederick

Roberts at the fort. That was on Saturday. On the following Monday the Duke and Duchess of Connaught arrived from Poona, and were met by Prince Albert Victor on the steps of Government House. In the course of the morning the Prince was visited by the Maharajah of Cooch Behar, with whom and others he played polo in the Maidan in the afternoon, with whom he also dined in the evening before going to a ball at the Belvedere. These were indeed busy days, but they included some splendid spectacles. Thus, of the following day, Captain Holford writes :—

“ H.R.H. received separate visits from about five-and-twenty of the principal chiefs and natives, each coming with his attendants and staying about five minutes. This took up nearly the whole morning. . . . At six o'clock a great fête was given to the Prince by the Calcutta community on the Maidan. It was chiefly a native entertain-

ment. The illuminations were splendid ; all the trees on the Maidan were covered with bamboo scaffolding, on which were hung thousands of small lamps. The whole of the outline of the Fort was also lighted up. The fête took place in an immense group of tents. In the central tent the Royalties and the Viceroy were placed on gold chairs while a varied performance took place—juggling, music, and nautches. After about an hour there we visited the different booths—a native play in one, some Thibetan dancers with extraordinary masks in another—also single stick. Last of all two hundred men in white danced the famous kuttak dance round a bonfire. It was very fine.”

And very fine it surely must have been ; the plain and direct language of Captain Holford makes a vivid picture. The reader can hardly fail to realise the dark Indian night, the long lines of soft lights rising tier upon tier against the dark background of the



trees, the swarthy conjurers with their weird deceits, the barbaric music, the rhythmical swaying of the lithe Nautch girls, the tempestuous frenzy of the kuttak dance—and in the midst of it our soldier and sailor Prince, hardly past his boyhood, in the guise of an eager and animated spectator.

Life at Calcutta was not, however, purely a life of ceremonial. Time after time the Prince played polo, and at Kanchrapara, on the 11th of January, he and the Duke of Connaught, accompanied by Messrs. Hamilton, Gladstone, and Captain Holford, got a day's snipe-shooting, which produced sixty-eight couple, in spite of rather poor shooting in the morning, which was frightfully hot.

From Calcutta the Prince went, with the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, as far as Dinapore on the way to Benares; but at Dinapore the Duchess of Connaught fell ill, and the Duke remained behind with her. At Benares the Prince was received by Sir Auck-

land Colvin, amongst others. Here the Prince saw some characteristically Indian scenes, "the thousands of people bathing at the different ghâts," "two bodies lying at the burning ghât," the Golden Temple, and, later in the evening, "a native play with a bonfire." The striking point about all these Indian days is their interminable length. The one on the account of which my eye rests now began at 6.45 a.m., and ended with the native play, which did not begin until after dinner at 8 p.m.

On the two following days (Jan. 16 and 17) the Maharajah did his best to show the Prince sport in his excellent preserves. Two tigers had been known to be in the neighbourhood for some days, and on the morning of the 16th came in the news that one of them had been killed about fourteen miles from the shooting camp. So the party drove post-haste to the spot; but the natives, who had erected a brick tower for the Prince and the

Maharajah, and platforms for the other sportsmen, had roused the tiger from its sleep, and the first drive was ineffectual. Upon a second drive, however, the Prince brought down two sambur, one of which was very fine. The next day was better. In two beats the Prince killed a very large sambur, and a beautiful cheetah, and the remainder of the party killed six sambur and two boars. Some idea of the royal scale of the Maharajah's hospitality may be gathered from the fact that, about the shooting camp, and as beaters, no less than five thousand men were employed.

The next period of the visit was spent at Lucknow, the place of tragic memories; and there, besides the ceremonials and the stately welcome, the Prince had the privilege—for privilege it was even for a Prince of the blood Royal—of going over the residency under the guidance of Colonel May, who was present during the siege. To understand Lucknow it is necessary to know some of the survivors

of the siege, to listen to the glowing words of such men as Sir William Olpherts, V.C., who, when the anniversary comes round year after year, speaks to his sometime comrades with a fiery energy, which makes the blood course swiftly through the veins, and shouts out "Havelock! Outram!" in a tone which calls every war-worn veteran to his feet, and brings out a roar of cheers from men of whom every one has served his country in her bitter need. To go through the story of Lucknow, in Lucknow, to hear it from the lips of one of the heroic survivors—and there was no man there who was not an hero—is to enjoy the greatest privilege that can fall to the lot of an Englishman. Even to think of the scenes of suffering, of patience, of heroism, and of hard fighting against fearful odds, causes the nerves to thrill with enthusiasm, and the dullest pen to move faster over the page.

From Lucknow the party went onward

to Cawnpore. There they saw the white marble angel standing over the well into which the bodies of those two hundred and six women were thrown after the adjoining house (the site of which is marked now by a black marble slab laid by the Prince of Wales in 1875) had witnessed the blackest and the most brutal massacre ever committed even by the Nana; and Captain Holford notes the fact, not known generally, that the gardens in which these spots of sacred memory lie are consecrated, and that no native is allowed to set his foot within them. Nor was there an end here of visiting places instinct with sad memories, for soon they drove down to the river bank on which the treachery was consummated. Let me recall the scene in Sir George Trevelyan's vivid words:—

“But of a sudden several of the straw roofs burst into a flame, and almost the entire fleet was blazing in the twinkling of

an eye. The red-hot charcoal had done its work. At the same moment from either shore broke forth a storm of grape and musketry. To the imagination of our countrymen, oppressed and bewildered by the infernal tumult, it seemed that the land was alive with a hundred cannon and a myriad of sharp-shooters. The wounded perished under the burning thatch, while all who could shift for themselves dropped into the river. Of the ladies, some crouching beneath the overhanging prows, some wading up to their chins along the shelving bottom, sought shelter from the bullets which sprinkled the surface like falling rain."

Such cannot have failed to be the memory that ran through the Prince's mind. He saw the sandbank from which the boats could not be moved. He saw the place where the brutal troopers cut down General Wheeler; the places where, in the words of those two half-caste women, wives of bands-

men of the 56th : " Some were stabbed with bayonets, others cut down. Little infants were torn in pieces. We saw it ; we did ; and tell you only what we saw. Other children were stabbed and thrown into the river. The schoolgirls were burnt to death. I saw their clothes and hair catch fire."

To see this place, to recall these memories, was sad beyond expression ; no Englishman can go to Cawnpore and see it in peace, can look upon the social life of the place, can watch the ordinary course of social existence, without feeling a sudden pang of sorrowful memory, without remembering that the place whereon he stands is holy ground. Yet the very contrast between that awful page in history and the pleasant scenes of to-day, the fact that contentment prevails in a city of which the air seemed fated to reek for ever with raw scent of the blood of women and of children, is encouraging, is a true sign

of the greatness of the English heart. Truly to visit such scenes, and to ponder upon them, not in anger but in sorrow, not in revengefulness but in thoughtfulness, not in despair but in hope, was a worthy episode in the making of a patriot Prince.

Through Agra the Royal party proceeded to Bhartpur, where, under the auspices of Major Ridley, the Prince had some capital sport, killing two black buck and one nilgai before luncheon. The rest had no luck, which may account for the fact that the afternoon's sport was spoiled, as has been the case many times and will be the case many more times, by dalliance over luncheon. The next day (Jan. 23rd), at Agra, all were much impressed by the wonderful fort built by the Emperor Akbar, by the view of the Taj Mahal, and by the Moti Musjid. Captain Holford writes, "All is utterly beautiful and lovely." On the next day the party returned to Bhartpur, where they had some



capital sport, which may be described in Captain Holford's words :—

“Some horses had been sent very kindly all the way from Jokpore by the Maharajah for us to ride. I was lucky enough to get on a beautiful grey Arab, a wonderful animal, very fast, and as active as a cat. Major Ridley took command, and we beat through a large extent of long grass some four to five feet high. We had six elephants to help in beating. We moved a lot of pig, but for some time no boars. At last one got up, and we rode him a long distance till he lay down. H.R.H. then rode up and took a spear, and we soon killed him. The next that started H.R.H., Harvey, I, and Ridley rode. My little grey stuck to him like a burr, and I got first spear. In the meantime, some of the others of the party got two more at the other end of the line. Shortly after we started another, but, after riding it for about half a mile, Harvey speared it, and

the spear, rebounding, completely transfixed his horse, coming out behind. I stopped to help him, and H.R.H. went on and killed the pig. We did all we could for the poor horse, but he died in about half an hour." Captain Holford ends his note, "Certainly pig-sticking is grand sport;" and it clearly is the sport of kings.

At Lahore, the next place visited, a day was spent in sight-seeing. The Prince and others rode in procession through the streets upon elephants with silver howdahs, and on the following day (Sunday, Jan. 26th), after service in the cathedral, where the Bishop preached, they went to the Muridki camp by train. In the note relating to this camp there is a curious little point, showing the hankering which Englishmen, wherever they may be, feel for the unsurpassable lawns of their native country.

"Our camp had a broad gravel road leading from the station up the middle to the

great drawing-room tent with the dining tent behind. All our tents were on each side, the Prince having two big ones; *the plots of ground in front were planted with mustard and cress instead of grass.*"

Here also was the Commander-in-Chief's camp, and a goodly company, amongst whom were Sir Pertab Singh, Major Assur Jung, General Ellice (Adjutant-General), General Hamilton (Inspector-General of Musketry), and Prince Adolphus of Teck. The manœuvres were just over, but "all the native officers were presented to H.R.H.; there were two hundred of them in their splendid and picturesque costumes; they were certainly the finest body of men I ever saw in my life." After the presentations came sports, tent-pegging and the like, in the course of which Sir Frederick Roberts strained his leg severely.

On the next day (Tuesday, Jan. 28th) there was a grand review of cavalry and

Royal Horse Artillery, in which, altogether, 181 European officers, 183 native officers, 6756 horsemen, and 12 guns took part. The grandeur of the spectacle was great, but its pleasure was marred by the fact that out of seven men who were unhorsed in a bad "buffalo wallow" one broke his neck. The announcement that the Prince had been made Honorary Colonel of the 1st Punjab Cavalry was then made, and, after luncheon, the Prince addressed the regiment on parade.

On Thursday (Jan. 30th) the Prince, Captain Holford, Lord and Lady Cremorne, and the Alwyne Grevilles went by special train to Peshawur, where there was a grand military reception, in which the 18th Royal Irish, the 74th Highland Light Infantry, and the 15th Bengal Cavalry took part. On the following day the party made an expedition to the Kyber Pass. At the outset they were much struck with the "Kyber levies, or

rifles, composed of the wild Afreedis from the mountains surrounding the Pass. They are commanded by Colonel Warburton, and were in the late Black Mountain Expedition, where they greatly distinguished themselves. All that were not guarding the Pass, about two hundred, were drawn up on parade, and H.R.H. presented six medals. Two of the men who came up were decorated with the cross of valour, which corresponds with our V.C., and they had each been mentioned six times for conspicuous gallantry."

Very grand and impressive was the tour up the Pass, with the wild rifles perched in groups upon every height and crag, their position becoming manifest only when they presented arms and their bayonets flashed in the sun. So onward, until Ali Musjid was in view, and Captain Holford's soldierly eye noted how—where the Pass below Ali Musjid narrowed into a rocky gorge only a few feet wide, with the parched river trickling along

the bottom—"the position must have been of extraordinary strength, and it is surprising that the Afghans did not hold it more determinedly."

Then the party returned to Peshawur, which they left about midnight for Rawal Pindi. Here they met General Sir Thomas Baker and the Commander-in-Chief, but the latter was still suffering so much from his strain that he had to witness the grand review of 12,000 men from a carriage. Here, too, the Prince met Ayoub Khan, of whom Captain Holford observes, "He lives here partly as a prisoner and partly as an honoured guest; we allow him £30,000 a year."

From Pindi the party returned to Lahore, where there was much ceremonial, such as the opening of town halls, laying of foundation stones, balls, and so forth; so that a day's shooting at Chunga Munga on the 5th of February, albeit in no way remarkable (three

nilgai bucks, one black buck, forty-two brace of partridges, and fifty-three hares to ten guns), must have been a welcome relief. From Lahore they went through Kapurthala and Amritsar back to Kapurthala, from which they got some very fine sport in the way of pig-sticking. Then they went to Patiala, where, judging from the entry, which is brief, partridge-shooting is certainly done in a royal style. The note runs thus, "Afternoon, partridge-shooting off elephants, cavalry beating; lots of partridges, but not many picked up."

On the morning of February the 9th they reached Delhi, where, after being received with due honour, and after attending church near the Cashmere gate, the Prince had the good fortune to have as his cicerone round the ridge and the gates Colonel Ewart, deputy Inspector-General of Police, who, in those terrible times which rise vividly to the memory whenever Delhi is named, took his

part manfully, and was close to General Nicholson when he was shot. Two days of undisturbed sight-seeing followed, and on the next the Prince and one other gun went snipe-shooting, bagging forty snipe, ten brace of partridges, and about ten head of miscellaneous game. The next morning, after travelling all night, the party reached Jeypore. There a procession rode through the city upon elephants beautifully caparisoned and painted, the Maharajah and the Prince being on the first, Colonel Walter and Sir Edward Bradford on the second, and Major Ramsay and Captain Holford on the third. Amongst others whom they met here was Colonel Prideaux, who was imprisoned in Abyssinia for twenty-three months in chains. Here, also, on the next day (Friday, Feb. 14th) they first had some pig-sticking of excellent quality, securing eleven pigs, and then, just as they were sitting down to luncheon, came



the news that a tiger had been seen some twelve miles off. There was no more thought of ladies or of luncheon ; the sportsmen simply drove post-haste to the spot from which the news had come. The sequel may be told in the words of the faithful eye-witness :—

“We eventually reached a long bed of reeds about five or six acres in extent, where they said they thought the tiger still was. There were three machans built, about twenty feet high. H.R.H., Sir Edward, and the Maharajah went in the middle one ; Edwards and I in the left ; Harvey and Jones in the right. Then all the beaters (there were two thousand of them) began to yell, and bands to play. After about twenty minutes we saw the rushes move gradually towards the edge nearest us. Evidently the tiger was afoot. He came to within a couple of yards of the edge, and went back and worked all along to Harvey’s side. The beaters then began to

rush in with nothing but their swords, but we stopped them, and after a long time the tiger came out between Harvey and H.R.H. They both shot and both hit, and he rushed back and remained ever so long without moving. They tried to burn the reeds, but it was difficult. Then we sent five elephants in with Jones and young Bradford. The tiger charged, and they all bolted out. Eventually he showed again in the flames, and Harvey killed him. It was then quite dark."

The next halting-place after Jeypore was Ajmere, where the Prince saw the Mayo College, in the foundation of which Sir E. Bradford had taken a great interest. But this was only a one-day visit, and at 11 p.m. the party left for Chilor, and from the last-named place drove seventy-two miles along a sandy track, in frightful heat, for Oodeypoor. Here the Maharana provided a drive of pigs and hyenas, and fights between,

firstly, a tigress and a wild pig, and secondly a panther and a pig. After this they rowed home to Oodeypoor across the illuminated lake. "This was indeed by far the most beautiful sight any of us had seen, and could not be equalled anywhere in the world." From this, by stages far from easy, the party went to Jodhpore, where Sir Pertab Singh showed them two capital days' pig-sticking.

After this came a long journey to the Nepal Terai, where the first camp was pitched at Duknabagh, in the neighbourhood of which ten or eleven tigers were reported to be. Much of the first day was spent in ceremonial visits, but in the late afternoon came news that a leopard had been "ringed" at some distance; and that leopard finally fell a victim to Captain Greville, having been wounded previously by the Prince. The following morning, February 28th, they went out again after tiger; but a leopard, two

hog deer, and some peacock were the only result. So the party moved on towards a second camp at Jaurai, and on the way a tigress and two cubs having been ringed by elephants, the Prince killed the tigress and one of the cubs. On the next day they shot, on their way to a third camp at Mohulha, a bear and one cub, to say nothing of a number of partridges shot by the Prince, being his day's bag. Again the next morning the party started for a fourth camp at Moossa Pani, but they had no sooner reached it than news came of a tiger "ringed" about five miles off.

"H.R.H., Harvey, and I were to do the shooting this time; we had to wait a few minutes for the other howdahs; directly they arrived a few tuskers were sent in and roused him. He was very savage, and did not keep us waiting long, but, after a short dash or two in the long grass, came with a rush from the centre right out to the edge with

a roar and a splendid charge. Directly he appeared at the edge of the grass H.R.H. fired and hit him ; three or four others fired, including myself, and he rolled over, hit in several places, biting himself and roaring. He was badly hit, but retired into the grass, where we followed him, and, on his attempting to charge, gave him a couple more shots, which nearly settled him. He lay breathing heavily, but presently, as he raised his head, I gave him one from my 'Colindian,' 12 bore in the neck at 12 yards distance, not killing him, however, till he had another."

This particular tiger measured 9 ft. 6 in., and was the finest secured during the trip. From the fifth camp at Hirapur the party had no sport in the way of tiger ; from the sixth at Duktabooli they got a mixed bag—three sambur, two swamp-deer does, two porcupines, five or six hog deer and barking deer, and one cheetal stag, but again no tiger. On the following day they

had more luck from their seventh camp at Barbutta, and the scene must have been exciting, for a "ringed" tiger, which afterwards measured 9 ft. 2 in., charged straight for the Prince's elephant, and, in spite of receiving two barrels from his gun, had to be stopped by another of the sportsmen. But the next day in the Bamani Tal swamp they had royal sport, securing four tigers, one of 9 ft. 4 in. in measure, seven hog deer, three pig, and one hyena; and in the same swamp, the next afternoon, Captain Holford and another secured a leopard, the Prince killed a bear, and shared with another sportsman the honour of killing a tigress.

The next day was Sunday, and the Prince, following his usual custom, attended service in camp in the morning; but in the afternoon came news of game, and, before the sun set, the Prince had secured a very savage tigress and a bear to his own gun.

And now the time had come for bidding

farewell to the Maharajah, who had shown such good sport, to Major Durand, who had taken his part in it, to Captain Alwyne Greville, who returned to Lucknow, where Mrs. Greville was staying with friends. On Wednesday, the 12th of March, the reduced party started upon a railway journey of over seven hundred miles from Bareilly to Baroda, where they were met by the Gaekwar and Lieutenant-General Prendergast on the evening of the 13th. Next day came a hunt with cheetahs in the early morning, a conjuring entertainment, an inspection of the Gaekwar's new palace and of his marvellous jewels, including the diamond known as the Star of the South, for which the Gaekwar's father had given £80,000. Here, also, they saw carpets wrought in seed pearls for Mecca; and in the evening there was a great banquet, at which both the Gaekwar and the Prince made speeches.

From Baroda the Prince and his party went to Bhaunagar, and on the way there was a curious incident, for the Prince dropped one of his rings out of the train; but the ring was found, and sent to him two days later. At Bhaunagar the party was entertained hospitably by the Thakore, and the Prince paid a visit to the ex-ruler, an old gentleman of eighty-five, who, "having given up worldly thoughts, devotes his remaining years to religious contemplation." In the course of this visit the Prince saw remarkable grants of land, graven on copper, and as clearly cut as if they were new, although some of them were dated in the fourth century. Starting on the Sunday evening in the *S. S. Lawrence*, the party reached Shial Bel on the following morning (March 17th), and there the Prince laid the foundation stone of the new Albert Victor Dock.

The next day found them in Camp Sasan, twenty-two miles from Malia, in the middle

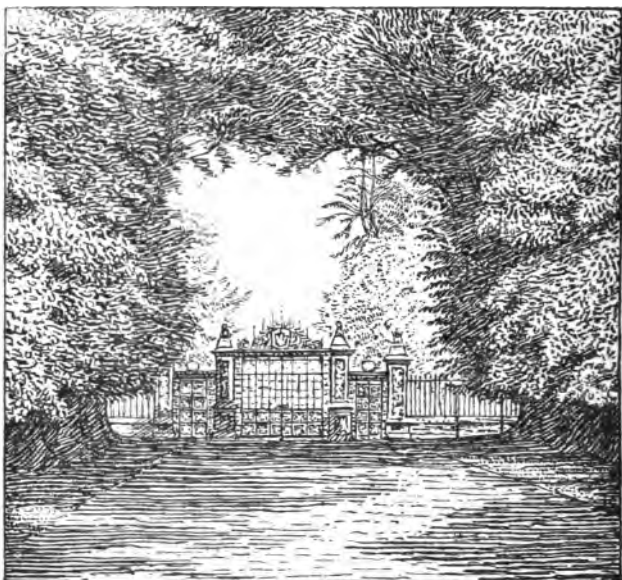


of the Gir Forest, the camp being in charge of Major Fenton. There, at breakfast, came news of three lions about four miles off; but the lions, three full-grown males, were too much for the beaters and escaped. The next day again there was a wild-goose chase after lions in terrific heat. On the next day, there being no news of game, the Prince and his party went by road and rail to Junagad to see the Nawab, where, on the following day, the Prince laid the foundation of a leper hospital. Saturday was spent on board the *Lawrence*, which anchored off the Apollo Bunder at 4.30. There Admiral Sir E. Fremantle came on board to greet the Prince, and then the Prince was received by Lord Reay and Sir George Greaves, the new Commander-in-Chief. Here the splendour of the reception was remarkable, and during the five or six days which were spent at Bombay no member of the party had any time to spare. The crowning function was

a dinner at the Bycalla Club, with Sir L. H. Bayley in the chair, for on the next day they were to embark upon the S. S. *Assam* and leave India behind. But even at the Bunder there was a final address to be read, and a final answer to be given by the Prince. So, at six o'clock on the evening of the 20th of March, the P. and O. steamer *Assam*, with the Prince and his party on board, steamed away from Aden, leaving behind "the city and harbour of Bombay glowing with a beautiful sunset. This was the last we saw of India, after an almost unparalleled tour of almost five months."

The return journey passed pleasantly. At Cairo there was an interlude of eight days, during which the Prince was received with due honour by the Khedive; and met, amongst others, Sir Evelyn Baring, General Sir Francis Grenfell, General Dormer, Lord and Lady Abingdon, Lady Sykes, Prince Louis of Battenberg, and the Duke and

Duchess of Sutherland. Of the sight-seeing in Egypt it is unnecessary to give any account, since the literature concerning Egypt is so voluminous that it is better known, by proxy, than London itself. Suffice it to say that everything was seen by the Prince for the second time, by some of his companions for the first time. The quail-shooting was also of the best, 248 couple one day—"when we ran out of cartridges; I believe if we had worked hard we could have got five hundred couple"—and 204 couple three days later on the same ground.



ENTRANCE GATE, SANDRINGHAM.

## CHAPTER IX.

### *PUBLIC LIFE.*

NOT long before the date of the letter from which a few words were quoted at the end of a foregoing chapter, the Prince had entered formally upon his public career. In May he had been admitted to the peerage,

and his full title was now H.R.H. Prince Albert Victor Christian Edward, Duke of Clarence and Avondale. It was said with some freedom at the time that the title chosen was ill-omened. It was a title assumed originally by Lionel Plantagenet, the third son of Edward III.; but it does not appear that Lionel Plantagenet committed any worse crime than insignificance. His tomb is in Westminster Abbey. It was borne a second time by Thomas Plantagenet, who fell in the field of battle against France in the days of Henry V. The third Duke of Clarence was said to have been drowned in a butt of Malmsey, but was, in fact, murdered in the Tower; the fourth Duke of Clarence, son of the preceding, never attained a responsible state of manhood. The fifth, commonly called the fourth duke, was King William IV., of whom a few men still living have a pleasant recollection. At any rate, the title was one having

a close connection with the Royal Family from the beginning of our history.

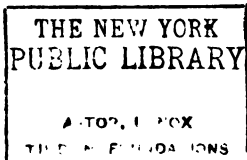
It was on the 23rd of June, 1890, that H.R.H. the Duke of Clarence and Avondale, introduced by his father the Prince of Wales, and watched by the Princess of Wales, who was in the gallery, took his seat in the House of Lords, in which, by the etiquette of the Constitution rather than by actual force of law, he could not be an active legislator. From that moment his active life in public, as a member of the Royal Family, began. He did not, indeed, entirely desert his regiment, but for the remainder of his life the time which he could spend with his comrades in arms became ever less and less, and the demands upon his time became ever more and more pressing.

It is unnecessary, it would indeed be tedious, to enumerate the various public and semi-public occasions in which the Duke of Clarence and Avondale took the leading part.



THE DUKE OF CLARENCE TAKING HIS SEAT IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

[To face p. 264.]





But it may none the less be permissible to say that the majority of them were of a singularly wearisome and monotonous character. Indeed, if a humble subject, who works fairly hard for his own living, may be allowed to express an opinion, it shall be to the effect that no men in this kingdom work more consistently and laboriously than the members of our Royal Family. To open bazaars, to be present at ceremonial dinners, to receive addresses and so forth, may be pleasant as a new experience, but when these things become the business of life, day after day, week after week, they must become unutterably monotonous. Sometimes the mill-horse round is varied by the occurrence of some public pageant which must appeal to every interest, but for the rest the routine is, and must be, weary beyond belief. It is—the suggestion is made with all humility—distinctly to the credit of the members of our Royal Family that they have the hereditary

capacity of going through their monotonous round of duty, not only without a sign of *ennui* but even with an appearance of interest. Such an appearance of interest cannot be assumed as easily as a mask ; it must be interpreted by the fact that whatsoever interests the people of England, has, *ipso facto*, its special interest for the Royal Family.

If ever Prince had an excuse for showing *ennui* in public that Prince was the Duke of Clarence. His life had been in many respects passing pleasant. Boyhood in the *Britannia*, nascent manhood in the *Bacchante*, adolescence at Cambridge, life as an officer of the Tenth, sport and travel in India—all these experiences had been delightful ; the contrast between them and the work of his life as a public personage must have seemed terrible. He must have felt the shock, the feeling that life is only just worth living, which comes to every man, who comes up to London from Oxford or Cambridge to work,

when he discovers that in a workaday world the afternoon is no longer sacred to healthy exercise. Now the writer had a great many opportunities of watching the demeanour of the Duke of Clarence and Avondale in public, and that demeanour was characteristic of the man. If the people to be addressed were boys—the lads of a Boys' Home, for example—the Duke addressed them in words exactly appropriate to their needs, and in a tone which, without being for a moment lacking in dignity, was friendly and kindly, and went straight to their hearts. He had, indeed, always the tenderest corner in his heart for boys and for little children, and his simple kindness towards them never failed to rivet their affections to him. The story of the autograph letter, which he wrote to a perfectly unknown little boy who congratulated him upon his majority, is quite well-known; it is in true harmony with the emblem of childish grief which was placed

upon his coffin in January of 1892, bearing the inscription, "From Norrie and Charlie." He loved children, and was loved by them in return. If there were men to be addressed the Duke performed his task with modest dignity and grace.

Three public occasions in which the Duke took a prominent part linger in my memory. The first was a simple occasion, that of a hospital dinner at the Hotel Metropole—if memory serves me correctly—an occasion which would not be worthy of mention but for a little incident of special interest. The Duke arrived a little late, but his gentle courtesy to the hosts whom he honoured was noteworthy. Noteworthy also was his extreme abstemiousness. Then came a curious incident. On this occasion, as doubtless on many others, the Duke had taken the precaution of having the notes of the speech he was to make committed to paper in advance ; they were in the handwriting of his

faithful friend and companion, Captain Holford. But certain irrepressible reporters induced Captain Holford to part with the notes before the speech was made, promising, and no doubt meaning, to return them in due time. Something or other, some unheard-of combination of events, caused the eleemosynary banquet to move on more rapidly than had been expected, and, eventually, the state of things was that the notes were in the hands of somebody or other at the bottom of one of the subordinate tables at the moment when the Duke rose to make his speech. Knowing the state of things, I, for one, watched the *dénoûment* with considerable interest. Many a young man would have broken down hopelessly ; for it is one thing to speak impromptu, but quite another thing to be prepared with a written speech, and to be divorced from that speech when the moment for speaking arrives. After hesitating a little over the first sentence, however, the Duke

warmed to his work, and the spoken speech was every whit equal to, if not better than, the one which had been prepared.

Another occasion upon which the Duke showed himself to great advantage was that of the opening of the new parade at Scarborough. It was a trying day. Proceedings which ought by right to have taken place in brilliant sunshine were marred by rain, and in the evening there was a ceremonial dinner of more than usual magnificence and length. From the very beginning of that day until the end the Duke comported himself, not only with courteous dignity, but also in such a simple and unaffected manner as to win all hearts at Scarborough. The picture which comes back to me from that banqueting hall is that of a graceful and well-built young man, in evening dress, and with the blue Ribbon of the Garter upon his chest, listening with courteous interest to the conversation directed to him by his neighbours, and then

watching with eager delight the gorgeous illumination of the crescent-formed bay.

The next scene which lives in my mind was one of greater grandeur. In front was a broad expanse of water, calm and shining under a summer sun. Dull thuds of distant cannon had grown into a veritable thunder of ordnance from fort and ship of war; wreaths of white smoke interrupted from time to time the view of Sheerness in the distance. A stately vessel had been drawn up at the end of the pier at Port Victoria, and upon the bridge, in the uniform of an Admiral of the British Navy, was the guest of the Queen and England, the German Emperor. A few minutes passed; a special train rushed into the station, and two officers of the Emperor's Red Hussars hurried forward to greet the illustrious visitor. They were the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Clarence, and the latter, in that splendid uniform, looked every inch a soldier.

During the weeks of exhausting pleasure which followed, at the musical ride in the Great Park at Windsor on a wet and windy morning, at State Balls, at the Opera, at the Albert Hall, upon the memorable occasion at the Guildhall, the Duke of Clarence and Avondale was present.



## CHAPTER X.

### *CONCLUSION.*

OUR story is all but written now. There was general sorrow and anxiety early in the winter of 1891 over the serious illness of Prince George and Count Gleichen's funeral; but in December all England rejoiced to hear that the Duke of Clarence and Avondale and Princess Victoria Mary of Teck were betrothed. A few weeks passed away happily, but their brightness is darkened by the memory of a rapid series of scenes which may best be described as they came under the observation of the writer.

Scene the first was enacted in the streets of London. Pestilence was abroad; the pre-

valence of the signs of mourning was noticeable in every group of people. But in the midst of the general anxiety there was always a crowd of silent and expectant watchers around the gate of Marlborough House, waiting for the news from Sandringham. And the news grew ever worse and worse, for the course of the illness was rapid; and when pneumonia supervened so quickly upon influenza, those who knew the disease almost gave up hope.

Scene the second was also in the streets of London. The anxiety of the country, which had been watching the progress of the disease with a feeling in which the bitter waters of despair went nearer and nearer to drowning struggling hope, had been changed into awe-stricken grief and sorrowful sympathy. It was clear that the blow had fallen, that the Prince on whom our hopes had been fixed, whom we had loved in his bright boyhood and gentle manhood, was gone

away from us. The surroundings of that day of evil tidings were dismally appropriate. The air was murky and still; London was the centre of cold as of death; not a man, not a woman was there abroad upon whose face were not the solemnity of a great grief and the infinite tenderness of true sympathy. All over Britain and Europe, to the Colonies, to America, the sad news was circulated at lightning speed, and all the civilised world was full of sorrow.

Yet another picture of the same day. Night was all but falling; the road from Wolferton Station past Sandringham was, like the heart of every human being who knew the calamity which had befallen, fast bound in misery and iron. That road passed upwards over the bleak moorland and between the scattered pines, in which the evening breeze murmured a mournful dirge. No other sound was to be heard save the ringing of wheels upon the frozen ground

the whole countryside seemed desolate and lonely beyond expression. Wayfarers were few, and those few walked silently and with careful feet past Sandringham Church, past the iron gates of Sandringham, remembering that within was a house of mourning, in which the Prince and Princess of Wales were suffering from the deepest sorrow that can come to man or woman. A few days before our gentle Prince had walked in the woods he knew so well, intent upon his favourite sport; a few days before he had returned, through those woods, to that home which, in England and abroad, had been constantly in his thoughts. But now the hopes of the nation were dead; the fruit of congratulation had been turned to ashes in the mouth. Thoughtful of his friends even up to the last moment—he wrote to Captain Holford from his death-bed—the Duke of Clarence and Avondale had passed away.

Of the sorrow of the great ones of this earth there will be occasion to make mention later. Let space be found here to commemorate the grief of those whom Dr. Jessopp calls, in a beautiful phrase, the "little ones" of East Anglia. The very servants at Sandringham forgot to emphasise the rank of their master, and spoke of "his poor father," even while the restless clicking of the telegraphic machines in the house brought in the condolences of Emperors and Kings. Nor could anything have been more touching in its simple sincerity than the sorrow of rural neighbours. They were, for the most, men and women of humble station; but their quiet sadness when they visited Sandringham Church on the following Monday was a thing never to be forgotten.

Saddest scene of all was that which was enacted in Sandringham Church on the Sunday which followed upon the death of the

Duke. The attendance at the church was confined almost exclusively to the household at Sandringham. Attention was fixed upon the chancel, where the light through the east window, representing the most affecting scene in Scripture, in the form of the Virgin at the foot of the cross, fell upon a spectacle as touching as may be conceived in this world.

On the south side were the Prince and Princess of Wales, the two maiden Princesses, Princess Victoria Mary of Teck, and Prince George, who looked thin and worn after the illness from which he was but newly recovered. On the north side were the Duke of Teck, the Duke of Fife, and the Duchess of Fife. In the centre of the chancel, covered with a silken Union Jack, such as, a few months later, covered Lord Tennyson's coffin, was the coffin of the departed Prince. Around it was great profusion of flowers from all parts of the

country. The dazzling whiteness of the lily of the valley and arum and lily, the permeating fragrance of freezia and violet, produced an enduring effect upon the senses ; and, as the simple service proceeded, while the touching words of the Bishop of London's prayer for comfort were read by Mr. Hervey, and when the body of the congregation filed out into the open air, leaving the members of the Royal Family alone to take comfort from receiving the Sacrament in the presence of the dead, there was not one who did not feel that to have been present was a precious privilege.

One more memorable scene at Sandringham remains to be recorded. The memory of that moving picture is not a thing which can be effaced from the mind ; its lines are graven upon the hearts of those who looked upon it, and the lines grow deeper and more distinct as time advances, so deep indeed and so distinct that the picture seems to be

of the present rather than the past. Its centre is a lychgate, and in front of the lychgate is a gun-carriage, with men and horses of the Royal Horse Artillery, under the charge of an officer, Lieutenant White Thomson, of extraordinary stature. On the right-hand side is the little church, weather-beaten, clothed by creeping plants, in which the preliminary service is being said and sung in the presence of the members of the Royal Family at Sandringham. From the lychgate to the high-road a line of children, thrown into prominence by the laurel hedge behind, indicates the route of the funeral procession. In the background, behind the gun-carriage, are keepers, watchers, workmen—all the men appurtenant to the outdoor life of a great estate—with white stars or crosses upon their breasts. The bell from Wolferton Church tolls thrice, for the dead body which is on its way to rest is that of a man; the bell of Sandringham Church



answers with three solemn and clanging notes; and then, in a few brief moments, the body of the Duke of Clarence and Avondale leaves Sandringham for the last time. It is a scene affecting in the extreme by virtue of its very simplicity. No spectator unacquainted with the facts would think the funeral procession other than that of the soldier son of a country gentleman as the long train of mourners files away on foot towards Wolferton Station. Nothing but the wailing of a funeral hymn is wanting to complete the resemblance to a funeral in that part of the country from which the chief mourner takes his title; for that chief mourner is the Prince of Wales, and the gun-carriage in front of him contains the dead hopes of a mighty nation.

The scene which followed at Windsor was as majestic as that which went before had been simple; there was indeed a place for majesty and a place for simplicity, and each

was appropriate in its season. The funeral service for those to whom Sandringham was a beloved home took place at Sandringham ; the service which was to symbolise a nation's grief, to give expression to the sympathy of the crowned heads of Europe, took place at Windsor ; for at Windsor, or at Westminster, those who have been, or, had they lived, would have been, of the number of English sovereigns, must sleep with their illustrious ancestors. The spirit of simple majesty which is distinctive of a military funeral grew more and more manifest at each stage of the ceremony. At Sandringham there had been nothing but the gun-carriage, the Hussar's busby on the coffin, the flag, and the horse-artillerymen to bring home to the spectator the fact that our lost Prince had been a zealous young officer. The Prince of Wales, Prince George, the Duke of Fife, and others who followed the coffin, were in the ordinary mourning dress of English gentlemen, as

they walked down the road upon which, but a few days ago, they had walked as a shooting party. But at Windsor all was sternly and solemnly military. The Prince of Wales, who had lost a son, wore his uniform as colonel of a regiment which had lost an officer. Prince George was in naval uniform, as befitted a naval officer taking part in the funeral of an officer in Her Majesty's army. The pall-bearers were officers of the 10th Hussars, men who had been the comrades and the associates at Aldershot, at York, and in Ireland, of the Prince who was no more. The carrying-party, which lifted the coffin from the funeral car to another gun-carriage at Windsor Station, was supplied by the same regiment.

Yet the scene as a whole, melancholy as it was, was not sombre to the eye. Of trappings and of suits of woe there was no ostentatious display. St. George's Chapel looked almost as bright as it had looked

when, a few months before, the notables of Great Britain and of Europe had been gathered together on the occasion of an illustrious wedding. Crimson carpets, the banners of the knights, the gilding of the altar cloth, and the uniforms of the distinguished mourners added brightness to the scene ; but deep in every heart were unutterable grief and profound sympathy with the Prince and Princess of Wales and with the Queen, who, to many sorrows, had been compelled to add one of extreme poignancy. It was but sorry comfort, perhaps, but it was still consolation, to know that the heart of the people was with the mourners, that the tears of thousands upon thousands of fathers and mothers flowed with their tears, that the ruling families and Governments of Europe and America did all that in them lay to show respectful and sorrowful honour to those who felt most keenly the loss summed up in those brief words upon the coffin :—

"HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS ALBERT VICTOR CHRISTIAN EDWARD, DUKE OF CLARENCE AND AVONDALE, K.G., K.P., MAJOR 10TH ROYAL HUSSARS: BORN 8TH JANUARY 1864 AT FROGMORE, WINDSOR; DIED 14TH JANUARY 1892 AT SANDRINGHAM, NORFOLK."

Over and above the immediate relatives and connections of the deceased Duke there were present the Grand Duke Alexis, to represent the Emperor of Russia, the Crown Prince of Denmark for the King of Denmark, the Duke of Oporto for the King of Portugal, Prince Frederick Leopold of Prussia for the German Emperor, Duke Albert of Würtemberg for the King of Würtemberg, Prince Philip of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha for the King of the Belgians, Lieutenant-Colonel Collins for the Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, Sir Robert Collins for the Duchess of Albany, Count Von Seckendorf for the Empress Frederick of Germany, Baron Steuber for the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-

Strelitz, Colonel Fitz-George for the Duke of Cambridge, Colonel Du Plat Taylor for the Princess Frederica of Hanover, Chamberlain Von Klensch for the Duke of Cumberland, Baron Campbell for the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, Baron Westerwiller for the Grand Duke of Hesse. There were three officers of the Prince of Wales' Prussian Regiment, the 5th Blucher Hussars.

There was but little sunlight. The bleak wintry day was all but dead when the funeral procession filed into St. George's Chapel ; but from the altar and from the stalls the yellow light of candles fell upon a spectacle of such sorrowful splendour as the world has rarely witnessed. The Dean of Windsor and the Bishop of Windsor were the officiating clergy.

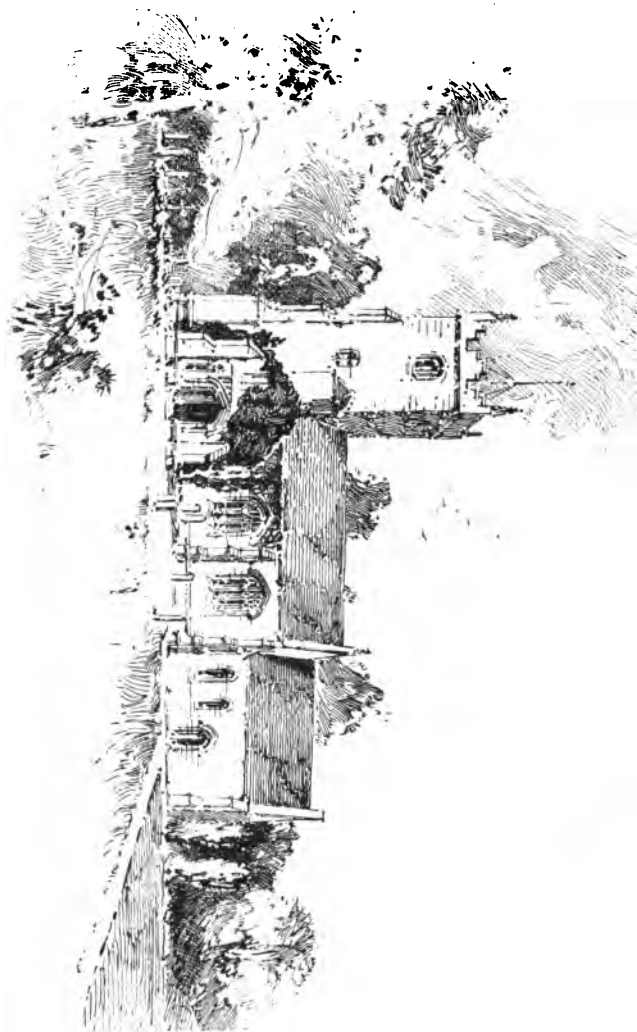
Simultaneously with the funeral service at Windsor memorial services were taking place in every quarter of the kingdom. Of these the most striking was that held in the great

Cathedral of St. Paul's, in which, a few years before as it seemed, the nation had celebrated with reverent thanksgiving the recovery of the Prince of Wales from all but mortal sickness. There pulpit and stalls were draped in black ; there a sombre and silent congregation listened to funeral march after funeral march ; there the Lord Mayor and Corporation attended sadly in State ; and there the Bishop of London, that strong man who shows, when he is deeply affected, the tenderness of a woman, that master of rugged pathos, preached a sermon which, with the environment in which it was spoken, will never fade from the memory of those who were present. Yet the service at St. Paul's was but typical of many other services held in many cathedrals and in many churches to express the heartfelt sympathy of subjects high and low with the Queen, the bereaved parents, and those who had lost a kindly and gentle friend. There can be no more true

testimony to the worth of the dead Prince than the fact, for fact it was, that side by side with the feeling of sympathy was a feeling of personal loss. Of the gratitude felt by the Queen for that sympathy, of the consolation and the comfort which it gave to her in her sorrow, the nation received afterwards an affectionate acknowledgment.

And now the task is over. It were but purposeless renewal of pain to follow the progress of the most beautiful service in the Liturgy of the Church of England, that service of which every line and every syllable becomes more familiar year by year to every one of us. All that was mortal of the late Duke of Clarence and Avondale lies now in the memorial chapel, in which the great sorrows of our Royal Family are enshrined. The brief story of the development, the manifestation, and the passing away of a clear and gentle soul has been told. If but the half of the sincerity, the faithfulness,





SANDRINGHAM CHURCH.

[To face p. 288.]



the purity, the modesty, and the dignity of the Prince whom we have lost has been made manifest, then has success beyond all hope been attained in a labour of love. Let the chapter and the book close with the words:—

“HE BEING MADE PERFECT IN A SHORT TIME, FULFILLED A LONG TIME, FOR HIS SOUL PLEASED THE LORD.”

*Wisdom.*

FINIS.









**This book is under no circumstances to be  
taken from the Building**

[illegible]